

Senate Reading Room

MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. VII.—NO. 26.

MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1895.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

W. M. GRAYSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc. Office Main St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T. Agent for the Canada Northwest Land Company Limited, and the Trustees of Moose Jaw Town Site.

J. G. GORDON, Barrister, Advocate, etc. Agent for the Manitoba and North West Land Co. Office, High St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

W. J. NELSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer. Room 10, Aberdeen House, River St. E., Moose Jaw.

A. C. JOHNSTONE, Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, Etc. Office: Cor. South Ry. & Rose Sts., Regina.

A. R. TURNBULL, M.D., C.M. Office in Bole's block, cor. Main and River streets.

DR. P. F. SIZE, L.D.S., M.R.C.D.S. Surgeon Dentist. Will visit Moose Jaw the 27th and 28th of each month. Satisfaction given both in workmanship and prices. Regina office open from 20 to 27 of each month.

H. McDOUGALL, Deputy Registrar. Moose Jaw District, for Births, Marriages and Deaths.

I. O. F., Court Moose Jaw. No. 509, holds its regular meeting in Annable Hall, on the last Tuesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m. Every member is requested to attend. Next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday, Dec. 24th. R. W. Timmins, C.R. C. L. Ross, R.S.

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Common lumber: \$20.00 per M, cord wood \$0.00 per cord, slabs \$1.50 per cord, Roche Pease coal \$1.00 per ton at shed, chopped feed \$1.00 per cwt. Prices of STORM WINDOWS and DOORS, MOULDINGS, Etc., on application. Encourage home industry by patronizing us as we manufacture everything in our line that can be made to advantage at home, thus keeping the money in our midst. Motto to bear in mind:—"Always leave cash with order."

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Cashmere and Wool, Ribbed and Plain, Boys' Oxford Knickerbocker Stockings.

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Discount off all Fur Goods. See out Men's Fur Coats at \$11.25. Imitation Buffalo \$10.50. These Goods must be cleared before Stock Taking hence this big offer.

Rolled Oats, \$2.00 per sack. Just think! 40 pounds for \$1.00. 50 pounds Standard or Granulated Oatmeal for \$1.15. Germ Meal, Graham Flour, Corn Meal, Self Raising Buck Wheat Flour.

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Christmas Goods going out rapidly. A nice assortment still left. Don't forget that there is lots of useful as well as handsome presents to be found at

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100 beautiful dolls which must be sold; we are offering them at wholesale price. 100 large oil, steel and water color pictures at prices which will surprise you.

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Our stock was NEVER SO COMPLETE. Everyone who has seen our CHINA acknowledge them to be the BEST and CHEAPEST on exhibition

GOODS AT COST.

2 doz. men's South Sea seal caps we will clear out at cost, 1 doz ladies' mantles at cost. 1 doz. gent's overcoats at cost.

Call . and . See . Our . Christmas . Goods

E. A. BAKER & CO.

1895-96.

: X'mas and New Year :

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PLATED WARE, consisting of Table Sets, and Rogers' celebrated 1847 Knives, Forks and Spoons. HARDWARE, in Cutlery, Carving Sets, Table and Dessert Knives, Skates, Fancy Lamps, Hall Lamps, Clocks, Toilet Sets, Etc.

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We are prepared to deliver this celebrated coal at

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To any part of the town for the coming year.

This is undoubtedly the best coal on the market.

All orders must be accompanied by the cash.

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ONE HONEST MAN AND BUT ONE RELIABLE HAIR FOOD. NO DYE.

We feed the Hair that which it lacks and nature restores the color.

CURES BALDNESS, STOPS FALLING HAIR, CURES DANDRUFF, RESTORES FACED AND GRAY HAIR TO NATURAL COLOR AND VITALITY. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. WARRANTED. CLEAR AS WATER. NO SEDIMENT. NO LEAD. SULPHUR OR CHEMICALS.

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Box 305, WINDSOR, ONT.

EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES

Rev. Mr. Brown Lectures on Monday Eve.—Dom. Councillor Featherston Speaks on Temperance.

On Monday evening the E. L. of C. E. of the Methodist church dispensed with the usual form of meeting and instead provided an excellent program for the large number of people who were assembled.

Rev. Mr. Featherston took the chair at 8 o'clock, and after calling on the choir for a hymn, which was well rendered, he, in his usual happy manner, introduced the speaker of the evening, Rev. S. R. Brown, B.A., of Regina.

Mr. Brown, on being remarked that this occasion was his first attempt at lecturing and therefore, too much was not to be expected from him. The rev. gentleman then proceeded and handled his subject, "Earthquakes and Volcanoes," from a literal point of view, and dealt at some length on the causes, results, etc. His arguments and illustrations were extremely interesting. It was evident from the first that his remarks were appreciated—if one can judge from the fixed attention and looks of approval upon the faces of his listeners. Mr. Brown is noted for his earnestness and forcible argument, and on this occasion those who attended in the expectation of hearing something good, we believe, did not go away disappointed. We heartily concur with the chairman, Mr. Featherston, who said: "though this is Mr. Brown's first effort as a lecturer we hope it will not be his last, since hearing him."

A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Brown, after which a duet was rendered very acceptably by two ladies of the church choir.

Next followed a collection and then a gle was sung. At this stage in the programme Rev. Mr. Featherston vacated the chair in favor of Mr. W. J. Nelson, barrister, and Select Councillor of the local order of Royal Templars. Mr. Nelson then in a happy and witty little speech introduced

MR. A. M. FEATHERSTON, for many years the chief executive officer, or Dom. Councillor, of the order of Royal Templars.

Mr. Featherston, who is just returning from a business trip to the coast—his first visit—was received with applause. He was delighted with his reception at every place visited by him, and spoke enthusiastically, on the progress of temperance in all parts of British Columbia and the North West Territories. He hoped to see prohibition as a plank in the platform of either of the great political parties in the near future, and to eventually see it enacted into a national law.

Mr. Featherston is a business man, and talks temperance in a practical business-like way. No doubt to his business tact and keen supervision over matters of interior economy relative to the order, the Royal Templars owe their remarkable success, and steady development.

After singing the doxology Rev. Mr. Featherston invited all Royal Templars and others who wished to remain and shake hands with Mr. Featherston.

The Literary and Debating Society.

On Friday night last this society held its first open meeting at Russell Hall, which was tastefully decorated with flowers for the occasion. There was a large attendance of those interested in the development of a taste for literature and the acquirement of the art of public speaking.

The ladies of the town, were scattered here and there throughout the audience, among whom we noticed Mrs. G. M. Annable, Mrs. C. D. J. Christie, Mrs. C. A. W. Stunt, Mrs. T. B. Baker, Mrs. Hugh McDougall, Mrs. Ferrier, Mrs. McBride, also others, and the Misses Haigh, Wallace, Hinchey and others.

The President, Mr. C. A. W. Stunt, occupied the chair and delivered his opening inaugural address. It was a learned and scholarly review of the progress and development of the several arts and sciences, from the earliest times to the present day. It reminded many of their college days when listening to some august professor of literature and art delivering a star address. It would be interesting reading matter for our readers had we room to report it in extenso. We quote the concluding lines: "This society has been 'formed to enable those, who, having 'left their school or college days behind, desire now, while in the busy 'hond struggles of life, to still gain

"further knowledge and avail themselves of the opportunities for mental 'recreation, so that, as years roll on, 'they will acquire the power of expressing, with confidence, their 'thoughts in papers and debates, and 'that through them their fellowmen 'may gain a benefit by being able to 'place trusty and faithful workers and 'thinkers in public positions, where 'fluency of speech is desired for the 'proper performance of public duties; 'men capable of reasoning and conducting public affairs, without the 'desire of self aggrandisement, and 'whose only object shall be the benefitting of their fellow-men."

The entertainment next consisted of an organ recital by Mr. Reg. A. McCaul whose abilities as a musician are now well recognized by the townspeople. His rendition of the selection was pleasing to the audience and reflected the usual credit upon himself. Miss Haigh next gave a reading entitled

The young reader expresses herself well, and her confident manner, coupled with natural elocutionary powers, places her in the front rank of amateur elocutionists.

The great object of interest, however, was the debate on the resolution "That it was advisable to introduce prohibition at the present time in Canada." Mr. W. J. Nelson in a clear and forcible speech lasting three quarters of an hour, advocated the affirmative side of the question. The speaker showed that a large percentage of the poverty, crime and lunacy now existing was directly traceable to the excessive use of strong drink. He next dwelt upon the economic side of the question and showed from statistics that the Canadian people yearly wasted forty million dollars in strong drink, while the Government revenue from this national cancer amounted only to seven million dollars. The speaker showed that such a measure was constitutional, that it was demanded by the great majority of the people, and that it was the duty of the government to enact the law. The revenue and the question of compensation to distillers, and brewers was also referred to and the speaker showed how easily this matter of secondary importance could be overcome by intelligent statesmen.

By a touching peroration, the orator closed his able speech hoping that in his day there would float from every citadel in the Dominion the national banner of Temperance.

Mr. A. D. McLeod, a tutor in the public school, opened the negative side of the proposition. "He is a clear and forcible speaker and with a little more practice will make a good public orator."

He showed that prohibition was not of federal in other places; that public opinion was not educated up to the question; and that it would be incapable of enforcement. The plebiscite, said the speaker, was not a sound indication of public feeling on the subject. He contended that men had the right to eat and drink what they liked, and because a few abused the right it did not follow that the rights of the temperate should be infringed upon. He also argued well, that the state cannot enforce moral obligations, by legislative enactments. The carrying out of such must be left to the individual. Much injury is done to a state by having a law upon its Statute Books which would be evaded, and incapable of proper enforcement. Better have a well-regulated license system than a farcical prohibitory measure. Prohibition in the Territories was a failure.

Mr. John Green and the Rev. Mr. Ferrier in short but spirited addresses supported Mr. Nelson, while Mr. O. B. Fysh and Mr. Seymour Green aided Mr. McLeod. The addresses of all these gentlemen were also interesting and at the same time amusing. Some of them made happy hits, notably the two Greens.

After the leaders of the negative and affirmative had made short replies to the question was put to the assembly, who were asked to vote on the question on the arguments adduced by the speakers pro and con.

Prohibition carried by a large majority. This seemed a happy and instructive evening's entertainment. The society is now launched, and we are sure for great success and know it will be productive of lasting good.

The next debate will take place on Friday evening the 27th instant at 8 p.m., at the same place.

Marlborough.

MARLBOROUGH, Dec. 17.—Election of officers of the Marlborough Lodge, Patrons of Industry, for the ensuing year, on Tuesday next at 2:30 p.m. Immediately after a social time will be spent. The ladies of the order will provide the good things for the inner men, and all members are requested to be present.

The Laird has taken a partner for the winter and if he has not the gold he will not be without the Silver.

Arthur McPherson left on Tuesday for a visit to his old home near Montreal. We hope he will not fail to bring her back with him.

Uncle Hod will now be alone again. This should not be thus. Take a partner, Tom, of the opposite sex.

We regret that Mrs. John Green is still confined to her bed. It is to be hoped she will soon regain her former health and strength.

A large quantity of grain has been taken from this neighborhood to market, but owing to the low price very little money is put into circulation. It is found that many a bushel of otherwise fine wheat is seriously damaged by smut. This could have been prevented if the seed last spring had been treated with bluestone with sufficient liberality. OBSERVER.

ONLY A MILLION.

CHAPTER III.

The plan which he had roughly sketched for his life at Cedar Lodge was fairly carried out by Mr. Cawley. He had troops of visitors from London, and many of the families residing in the neighborhood helped to enliven his evenings. His days were spent in irritable inquiries about the arrangements for dinner, or in solitary wanderings across the meadow.

But as he had tired of the festivities in London, he also grew weary of this superficial country life. It was not country life; it was only the town and the votaries of fashion carried into the midst of green fields. He was glad to see his guests; he was still more glad when they departed. It was not exactly selfishness which actuated him; it was simply that he had diverged from the course to which he had become accustomed, and had attempted to follow another of which he knew nothing. He began to think that a life of pleasure was much harder than a life of real work. He had spent his money freely; the people who came to him were known as clever people, as very intellectual people, and on the whole had been most kind to him. They had been most indulgent to his shortcomings in those graces of which people who have long lived in Society are possessed. Still, there was something unsatisfactory to himself.

One morning he saw his last guest depart, and he saw before him a whole week without any dinner engagements. For the first hour the prospect seemed to be a dull one, during the next he felt as if he had been suddenly released from some self-imposed thrall; he immediately went to his room and put on the old office coat which had served him many years, sat down in his easy chair, and gleefully gasped: "I am free!"

It was such a refreshing sensation to feel that he could now dress as he liked, and do as he liked, without any fear of incurring the smiles at his ignorance, or of discovering that he had committed some gross blunder in manners, that he thereupon called for a resolution. He would have no more guests; no more dinner parties; and instead of dining at a quarter to eight, he would return to the good house of his father and dine at one o'clock. Then he would look after the home-farm, and if he could manage it, he would try to hold a plough himself. It was quite clear to him that his nervous system was out of order, and this was the way to set it right.

He held manfully to his resolution; but he was somewhat of a coward. Ruth, that wherever he went, or whatever he had to do, he required her to be with him. She attended cheerfully, and was often amused by his sudden efforts to imitate the lumpy-handed sons of labor, in hacking wood, or in carrying hay or straw to the stable. The ploughing was a complete failure. The plough would not go straight for him, and he made such zigzags that his servants groaned. He blamed the horses, then he blamed the plough, and at last he himself, and withdrew from the shafts in disgust.

"You are laughing at me, Ruth," he said, taking her down and walking towards the house; "but you might pity me a little. Everybody says I am the most fortunate man in the world, and upon my word I begin to think I am the most miserable."

"Are you not a little like the spilt child who cried for the moon?" she queried archly.

"That is just it—I am crying for the moon. Come into my room, and I will tell you what the moon is."

They went into the library, the walls of which were lined with the uncut volumes of the best works in modern and ancient literature.

"Sit down, Ruth. I am going to speak to you very seriously as soon as I recover breath."

Ruth took a chair with no other impression about the serious subject of conversation than that she was going to give her directions for another dinner party. He took a strange method of trying to recover his breath; instead of sitting down, he paced up and down, at intervals glancing furtively at his quiet companion, occasionally halting as if about to speak, and then starting up and walking away.

"Well, Cawley, I thought you had something very serious to say to me," she observed, after waiting some time. He stopped, and she saw that he had suddenly pulled up by a strong hand.

"Yes, Ruth, it is serious—at least, to me."

There was something so peculiar in his tone—it was so unusually low, and so unlike the resolute tone in which he was accustomed to speak—that she turned and looked at him. He had a pale face, and his eyes were fixed on the floor, as if he were trying to find something of unusual interest in the title of Macaulay's History of England on the backs of the volumes at which he was looking intently.

"Is there anything wrong?" she inquired in surprise, "and can I help you?"

"Yes, there is much wrong, and you can help me if you will."

"Then tell me what it is, and it will give me more comfort than you can imagine to feel that I am able to do something for you."

He turned his head very slowly, and gazed at her with such a keen expression in his eyes that she felt as if he were trying to penetrate her inmost thought. Then with a sudden jerk he moved towards her, and stood behind her chair.

He seemed to be afraid to meet her eyes; but he made an effort to speak in a cool, practical way.

"You would be glad to be able to do something for me—and you shall be glad, for I believe that it is in your power to make the rest of my days happy."

This was such a singular speech coming from a man like Cawley, that Ruth did not know whether to laugh at it or to ask him if he were ill. However, she only said: "I wish you would tell me what you mean, Cawley; you are not like yourself to-day."

"Ruth," he said, leaning his hand upon her shoulder, "you do not guess what I mean? I am not a—not a very old fellow. You were left as a legacy to me, and you have been very useful to me. But of course some day you will be wanting to go away, and I want to prevent that."

Whilst he was speaking Ruth slowly rose from her chair, her eyes opening wide in wonder as he proceeded.

"I have no thought of leaving you, Cawley," she answered in a low voice, for she was beginning to understand him.

"Not just now, I dare say, but by-and-by the thought and the wish will come. Then abruptly changing his tone as if angry with himself: "Con-

found it, Ruth, I am a man of business, and don't know how to make love. I'll put it in my own way—I want you to be my wife, that's all!"

Ruth was startled by it. She was, however, in her own way as prompt and abrupt as Cawley himself. She took his hand firmly.

"I know you would not make a joke of such a serious subject; but if you had desired to drive me away from the house you could not have adopted a better plan than that of making such a proposal. I like you very much—very, very much, Cawley—but not in the way you wish."

He dropped her hand; the answer had been plain, and the subject was not one which he felt disposed to argue about. He walked to the window, and as he looked out upon the lawn and the rich grounds which might be all hers if she pleased, he could not help a slight feeling of bitterness in thinking that, with all his wealth, he could not obtain the hand of the only woman he had ever really cared for.

He wheeled sharply round.

"If there is one else," he asked, and there was a sharp note in his voice. "It was a difficult question for Ruth to answer, for the image of Mowbray's seemed to rise before her. She had been obliged to own the truth to herself that if he had put that question she could have answered him; but she could not answer her cousin. Her eyes were turned upon the floor, and her head drooped a little as she replied honestly—

"Yes."

Cawley stood for a minute as if dumb-stricken, as much surprised by the directness of the reply as by the fact which it conveyed. So this timid young man, who had been so long in the world, had been himself with a lover; and, no doubt, that was why she had been so content to remain at Cedar Lodge. At first he was inclined to be angry; he was disappointed; but presently he became calm.

"Who is this man, Ruth?" he inquired, and there was no harshness in his voice now.

"I would rather you didn't ask that," she said awkwardly; "the matter is settled, and I don't wish to say anything more about it. He knows nothing."

"Do you wish him to know? If he is the right sort of fellow, I don't see why you should conceal his name from me. Come now, make a clean breast of it. Who is he? what is he? where does he live?"

"He is again excited, and advanced to her as if he would force the secret from her."

"I cannot tell you," was her firm response as she moved towards the door. "Yes, well, I shall say nothing more at present; but I warn you that I do not satisfy me, you and I will not be long friends."

Ruth felt that if she remained any longer in the room, the emotion which she had roused would overcome her and she would begin to sob.

"I do not think there will ever be any necessity to tell you more than I have told you now."

Cawley's eyes sparkled as a hope rose within him that this was some sentimental fancy which would soon pass away.

"Don't you think there is something ridiculous in this mystery, Ruth? If anything is to come of it, you know that you must speak to me. But let it rest. I shall know all in time. Will you tell Harris to get out the wagonette?"

She was glad of the opportunity to escape from the house.

"Now I understand why she did not like me to embrace her—she was thinking of that fellow, whoever he is. She was so shy, and I don't wonder at it. She would not have refused to tell me if there had not been some good reason for her silence; but she'll get over that, and I can speak again."

Although he understood the appearance of calmness, the chagrin he felt worked within him, and whilst he was lying driven across the meadow at a rapid pace as if he could not wait, he urged the horse to Ruth's conduct developed itself into a serious offense.

A long circuit brought him into a lane lined with either side by thick hedges, from which at intervals sprang clumps of May, now budding and even at this time perfuming the atmosphere. On the right of the lane, and on the left of it grew many wild flowers and long grass. The drive had refreshed him, and he had got into a better humour.

"Why should I be so shy, he said to himself. He did not know that in certain natures love is always selfish; indeed, Ruth, within a few days he had always thought of the old saying: "Love is merely folly of youth." His idea had been that such affairs should be arranged on a plain, practical business basis; thus, a house and furniture, such as you please; here are your servants; here are your horses and carriages, and you can have as much money as you like for your millinery and dress-maker; you have as much pocket-money as you please."

What more, in the name of all that was sensible, could a woman desire?

He had never read a novel, because all novels were read and corrupted his mind; people were fools enough without being educated into becoming bigger fools. He had never had the time to read, and the absurd amusement of flirtation; indeed, he didn't know the meaning of the word. Once he had found a clerk in his office, who had been married and useful, suddenly change all his ways—not exactly neglecting his duties, but blundering so in them that Cawley had been obliged to speak to him privately. The poor fellow had been very quiet, but he gave no satisfactory answer about the change, and impulsively resigned his situation. Cawley was certainly a very strict master, but he was a just one; he told the young man he would give him a month's holiday, and if at the end of that time he persisted in his resignation, he would accept it. During the month he learned that the young man had been what is called "jilted," and he instantly set him down as a "confounded fool."

At the end of the month the young man resumed his situation and was apparently contented.

Cawley put the question to himself, "Was he as good as the young fellow whom he had called fool?"

He was answered immediately.

Turning a bend of the road, he saw two figures riding by the hedge—a man on one knee holding something up to a girl, and looking earnestly in her face, which was bent close to his.

Mowbray and Ruth.

To his mind there could only be one interpretation of the position of the two, notwithstanding the publicity of the place. The fact was, that the Doctor was simply relating upon one of the plants which he had gathered, and Ruth was interested.

Cawley bent forward and snatched the reins from Harris, pulling the horse up with a sudden jerk.

"Turn! go round the other way," he said gruffly.

His command was obeyed. Whatever petty passion there was in the man's nature had been aroused. He knew Mowbray to be penniless and to be related to a man who had committed forgery, which was in his eyes even more heinous offence than murder itself. The thought that Ruth could have been declared an heiress to a man who had done him mad, and he was in a furious passion when he reached home. The roundabout way he had taken delayed him much, and Ruth was in the house before him.

She had come into the hall to meet him, but he passed her without a word and went to the library. He could not speak to her—he would write.

Seated at his desk, he seized his pen and wrote hastily. He commenced with out any date or form of address:

"I have seen you and your love together. I thought I could have looked upon such a sight and remain calm. I misunderstand myself, I shall say no more about it. I shall say only that I think he has done you wrong, and should have considered his own position before he gained your affection."

"As it is, I must ask you to find another home for yourself, and I will make a suitable provision for you. I cannot see you again."

Poor Mr. Cawley, although he was writing with strange pain whilst he wrote, did not even now understand that the phrase "winning affection" is an servant, and that such a thing as love which is the highest form of affection comes without seeking, and takes possession of us whether we will or no. He rang the bell and a servant entered.

"Take this to Miss Hansford at once. It was a peculiarity in Mr. Cawley's manner that he rarely said "Please" or "Thank you" to a servant."

The moment he had sent away the letter his misery increased tenfold. He sat down and wept, and his hands paced the room uneasily. Should he call the servant back and the destroy the note? He ought to wait until he had time to think the matter over coolly.

Nearly an hour passed in this restless mood, and he could stand it no longer. He went down to the drawing room; he was not there. He went to her own room, knocked, but there was no answer. He opened the door; she was not there. He hastily summoned a servant, and asked if Miss Hansford was learned that she had left the house about a half an hour ago.

"Do you know where she was going?"

"Did she say when she would return?"

"No, sir."

Cawley examined her room and found everything in confusion. On the dressing-table was an envelope addressed to himself. He tore it open; the sheet of paper within bore only these words:

"I obey. Good-by."

"Ruth,"

His first feeling was one of shame and regret, but this followed a feeling of indignation that she should have been so ready to take him at his word and to go without seeing him.

It was Mowbray who has done this. He muttered the words over and over.

But despite his vexation, he was anxious to know what had become of her, and at once guessed where she had taken refuge. He hurriedly wrote a note to the Vicar when that gentleman arrived. Ruth was at the Vicarage and was to remain there until her father should be able to return. The Vicar said that it was no time to preach to Mr. Cawley about the harshness of his conduct; he simply assured him that Ruth was safe, and took his leave.

(To be Continued.)

FARMING IN THE WEST.

How Mr. Stevenson of Morris, Manitoba, Conducts His Farming Operations.

A visit to the Lowe farm, near Morris, Man., affords an instructive outing to those who are interested in improved farm machinery. Mr. Stevenson's ideal farm would doubtless be a world of wonder, in fact it is quite wonderful to hear him tell of the appliances which he has already had in operation. One of his curiosities is a traction engine, which ploughs and threshes, gathering up its own fuel (straw), as it travels around. It does not drag the threshing machine, but carries it, bolted to a platform, and the grain is thrown up into a platform in front of the separator; one man ploughs, another drives the traction engine through the grain passes into bags, which are thrown off on one side; and a man comes along with a team and hauls them away to the granary. Ten men and two horses threshed over 1,200 bushels of wheat and stored it in the granary in a single day. The invention has been in operation for several years, and improvements have been made from season to season. This year some 200 bushels more than last year have been threshed.

An important result which Mr. Stevenson claims to have accomplished is that of reducing the cost of the work. The cost of threshing 150 acres, which recently yielded 7,000 bushels of wheat, was, he says, a very little over one and a half cents per bushel. He claims to have done this by the use of the traction engine, and the use of the separator. The cost of ploughing was done at the rate of twelve acres a day. He expects that the cost of ploughing when done simultaneously with the threshing will not be more than ten cents an acre. Sowing, also, Mr. Stevenson claims to have greatly improved by means of his new drill sowing; with it he has had his man sow twenty acres a day, while he sat on the machine. This machine, he says, cuts in to even the tough sod and deposits the seed.

Fatal Explosion of Celluloid.

A despatch from Newport, Mass., says:—One man was killed, one was fatally, and four seriously, hurt by an explosion in the dry and mixing-room of the Girdle works on Wednesday morning. The cause of the explosion will probably never be known, as Mr. Mann, the man killed was the only person in the room at the time of the accident. It is thought to have happened through the overheating of a quantity of celluloid prepared for use in the manufacture of collars and cuffs. The explosion was like the report of a cannon, and the concussion was felt like an earthquake shock throughout the city. The side of the building was blown completely out, and the roof was carried nearly two hundred feet into the air. The firm employs about 100 men, several of whom, besides those mentioned, were badly cut by flying glass. The building was the scene of a similar explosion in 191.

Health Department.

Bunions.

Over every joint in the body there is placed a small, cushion-like sac which is filled with fluid, and which acts as a kind of protection to the joint from blows and pressure. These sacs are called bursae.

The thickening of the particular bursa which is situated over the great toe joint, either from irritation, pressure or weakness, is commonly called bunion, although that term is sometimes applied to any enlarged bursa on the foot.

The origin of bunions is generally from without—either from the pressure of a tight boot, or the continual chafing of a loose one, or from some peculiarity of occupation or gait, by which the joint is constantly pressed upon the ground.

The signs of a bunion are first of all tenderness, and pain, which becomes more and more excruciating. Swelling and inflammation, even to the breaking out of an open sore, rapidly follow. The inflammation is begun. The toe itself is somewhat involved, and becomes distorted and contracted.

Changes like those of chronic rheumatism of the joint may lead, when untreated, to fatal inflammation of the foot. Or gangrene may set in. Bunions are rarely affections which are cured by the use of the foot. The only successful treatment is by the use of a proper division of the contracted tendons will relieve deformity.

Nitrate of silver solution, which is purchasable at any drug store, will often suffice to loosen a tender skin and prevent irritation.

In some cases the deformity can be corrected by mechanical methods, such as strapping and the like. Sometimes a proper division of the contracted tendons will relieve deformity.

Nitrate of silver solution, which is purchasable at any drug store, will often suffice to loosen a tender skin and prevent irritation.

Cure for Eczema.

Several years since our baby had eczema badly, says a correspondent. It began on the top of her head when she was five months old, and although we used various remedies, in a short time it became so bad that her head and forehead were almost covered with scabs. She suffered terribly from the itching and burning. Finally a good old nurse, who had been nursing her since she was born, helped us cure it. We washed it thoroughly once a day with carbolic soap and warm water, wiped it with a soft cloth, and then rubbed on a mixture of parts of carbolic acid, glycerine and soft water. Shake well and apply with a feather. After the wash put on a scap of cotton wool, and hold it in place. We were obliged to soak the cap loose each day and use a clean one. It took about three months to cure it.

A Reputed Remedy for Hay Fever.

Martyrs to hay fever will learn with interest the experience of Dr. Fuber, of Hamburg, who suffered a great deal from hay fever during several summers. He noticed that in winter a corn was formed on the nose, which when it was removed, the discharge from the nose was established. He tried a reverse order of things, and the corn was removed, and his ears until they became red hot. He can now lead an endurable existence. As soon as there is the least amount of inflammation, he rubs the corns with a little oil, and the corns are removed. A thorough rubbing of the nasal mucous membrane from congestion. The rubbing must be done thoroughly and repeated.

Canker in the Mouth.

This somewhat troublesome affection is always an indication of a disordered state of the stomach. It is usually due to an abnormal secretion of acid in the gastric juice. A radical cure can, of course, be effected only by a cure of the stomach, although but temporary relief may be obtained by the use of a variety of simple remedies, the most thorough-going of which is touching the ulcerated surface with a strong solution of nitrate of silver by means of a camel-hair brush. Equal parts of sulphur and carbonate of soda, well mixed, is also a useful application.

English Cycle Thieving.

It has been estimated that bicycles valued at \$60,000 were stolen in England during the season. A scheme that the thieves work over there is described as follows:—In one of the large cities in England there are many small repair shops where proprietors do a thriving business transforming bicycles (transforming handle bars, wheels, and other parts, one from another, scraping off the enamel and replacing with a fresh coat, and in other ways rendering the machines brought there unrecognizable. In a case of bicycle stealing some time ago the machine was taken to one of these shops, and although the police visited it within an hour or two after the time it was left there, they found it entirely disassembled, and all parts scraped clean of enamel. It could not have been identified then but for a few little special marks and had the police been a few hours later it might have been that these parts would have been scattered over quite a number of different machines, rendering identification impossible. Not only is this ringing of the changes carried out in these small shops, but the police allege that a great quantity of bicycles stolen from the larger cycle factories are made up in these places.

The Only Good Toilet Set.

The only complete good toilet service in the world belongs to the Khedive of Egypt. It was made in London and consists of 28 pieces. Each piece bears the monogram of the Khedive in diamonds. The set is surrounded by a fillet in imitation of that of the Grand Turk. Upwards of 3,000 diamonds and over 1,200 rubies were used in decorating these golden toilet articles. The body of each piece is of carved gold, and all are incased in a diamond-encrusted ebony case.

KILLED HIS SISTER AS A WITCH.

A Terrible Crime of an Alaskan Indian Prompted by a Medicine Man.

VICTORIA, B. C., Oct. 3.—That "murder will out" is well illustrated in the case of the Kake Indian named Ahf Ghat, who is now a prisoner at Stika, and whose case will be tried by Judge Truitt at that official's last term of court before retirement, after a despatch from Victoria, B. C.

Ahf Ghat was apprehended six weeks ago by Deputy Marshal Harry Wallace of Wrangle for implication in the murder of two traders on Kake Island about three months ago. The Indian was well known to the authorities through his ability to stow away more whiskey than any other member of the tribe, and also on account of his fighting proclivities when drunk. On account of past deeds of lawlessness he had only recently become aware of graver crimes the Indian had committed other than those with which he had already been charged.

Almost a year ago a young Kake girl was cruelly murdered, after being starved and beaten until death came as relief. It was several months afterward before it became known, and then it was an impossibility to locate the wretches who were responsible for the infamous crime. A short time ago one of the Kakes, the Stika prisoner, upon seeing a new prisoner arrive, told him whom he was apparently an enemy, told the guards.

THE TALE OF HORROR.

About ten months ago Ahf Ghat had been taken to Stika as a medicine man was called. When the sick man's family had piled up a stack of twenty blankets the Shaman condescended to begin his weird incantations. At the conclusion of the performance he informed the patient that he was a very sick man, and that his sister was the cause of it, declaring her to be a witch.

The Kakes have no religious belief whatever, but in regard to witchcraft their ideas are the same as those of many other Alaskan tribes. They believe an enemy can be slain by means of spells and charms work out evil, shape destinies, and finally destroy those who wish to, which beliefs are taught and encouraged by the medicine men of the tribe. If any one is sick he, upon propitiation, at once declares some person to be the cause, and that person must either confess himself a witch and promise to cease working injury upon the patient or he is put to death. The Indians are still in a state of utter barbarism, and hold to the old belief, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Upon the sister being charged with sorcery she was at once brought before her brother and the Shaman. She wildly denounced the charges, and upon her adhering to it she was bound and severely beaten. Several days passed, during which she was given no food, and only enough water to moisten her parched lips. Seeing her determined not to acknowledge herself guilty, Ahf Ghat, who was a very strong man, and who had struggled from the pile of skins which had constituted his bed and into the heart of his helpless victim.

The Kake tribe is a poor, even of death. Neither do they understand such feeling as remorse. They have always remained on their island unmolested, making their own laws and administering them according to their own ideas of justice. If the murderer was incorporated in Stika, he was hanged they freely say they will kill the same number of white men before they consider things even. That this last addition to the imprisoned Kake contingent will stretch him there can be no doubt providing he doesn't die by his own hand in the mean time.

Despite all official denials, the practice of the "medicine art" prevails throughout all Alaska, and scores of unfortunate natives have, even in the short space of one year, suffered hideous deaths upon the decree of the medicine men that they had practiced sorcery. With the force at their disposal, the white authorities cannot enforce the law as it should be to teach the native population the lesson they must some time learn. The hope of the entire territory is not featured upon the entire continent of an American army post in the far North. With soldiers at hand, such murders as those of Ahf Ghat's account would be less frequent.

Cold in the Arabian Desert.

The narrative of Nolde's expedition into the Nefud Desert of the Arabian interior, at 25 degrees north, altitude 3,000 feet, tells of the severe cold that he experienced there in February, 1903: "The days were warm and pleasant, but the nights were cold, and fell below zero C. The change of temperature being extremely sudden. The cold and blustering wind caused much discomfort in travelling. The greatest surprise that Nolde met was on February 2, when a storm clouded the sky, and a heavy rain fell, a sheet of snow several inches deep, making it resemble a Russian steppe rather than an Arabian desert. The Bedouins, however, said that snowfall there was very unusual."

Making Cider Vinegar.

There is always a good demand for vinegar, and none better than that made from cider out of rich, sweet apples. The earlier it is made the more rapid will be the fermentation and the quicker will come the change from alcohol to acidity. This souring is much hastened by frequent exposure to the air, turning the cider once a day from one vessel to another. This exposes it to the air, and if it is done for a few weeks the vinegar will be as sour as by letting it lie in the barrel for as many months. There are apples are often deficient in sweetness. An addition of sugar to the cider greatly increases the acidity and also the acid in it when the stage is reached.

Difficulties of Authorship.

Struggling Author—Editors, can you keep that baby quiet for about two minutes? His yells are enough to drive one to distraction.

Life—No, I can't. I've got to finish the dishes, and knead the bread, and mend Tommy's clothes.

Struggling Author—Well, anyhow, you can make Johnny and his stop their racket, and close the windows, and then write to me some small column in from the neighbors, and lock the doors so those heartless bill collectors can't get in to annoy me. I'm writing an article on "How To Be Happy, Though Poor."

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Squirrels are numerous this season. The oil fever at Bothwell is spreading. Petrolists citizens want the curfew bell. Hamilton is talking of a cemetery fund by-law.

Leamington gets \$800 a month from its natural gas wells.

A 297 pound squash was shown at the recent Goderich fair.

Mr. W. Flint Jones is the new editor of the Belleville Ontario.

There will be a Philharmonic Society at Pembroke this winter.

A new Presbyterian church has been opened at Stanchell, P. E. I.

H. C. Kasing of Waterloo, is the new proprietor of the Breslau Hotel.

It is proposed to elevate the G. T. R. tracks that enter Montreal.

St. James church, Kingston, has just celebrated its semi-centennial.

A Lawrenceburg hen built her nest in a tree 13 feet from the ground.

St. John's English Church, at St. Thomas is building a \$2,000 paragon.

A tri-cle drawn by a team of dogs is a street curiosity in Guelph.

St. Thomas will hereafter celebrate Labor day as its Civic holiday.

Mrs. Russell, wife of James Russell, M. P., of Bayville, N. B., is dead.

The Hamilton ministers don't want the Star Theatre to have license.

A snowdrift, 42 inches in diameter, is exhibited by a Lucan gardener.

The Canadian Life Insurance Company is opening a branch office in Chicago.

The St. Thomas Gas Company manufactures the illuminant from coal oil.

John H. Holt, of London, was killed in the G. T. R. yard there the other day.

Wm. Oakes, of Ancaster, had some fingers cut off in a feedchopping machine.

A Napanee farmer was swindled out of \$200 by a stranger with a little tin box.

In British Columbia this season 18,000,000 pound tins of salmon have been canned.

The new line between Welland and Hamilton will be in operation by Christmas.

H. Walker & Sons are building a pretty house on Piche Island that will cost \$6,000.

The Lake Erie railway route from Ridgeway to St. Thomas is being surveyed.

John Little, whose neck was broken at Winnipeg by a fall, has entirely recovered.

Rev. W. W. Smith, of St. Catharines, is putting the New Testament into broad Scotch.

Rev. Mr. McCullough has been installed as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Dresden.

The skeleton of an Indian girl, who died 70 years ago, was unearthed at London last week.

Hamilton business men who have failed to register their partnership will be prosecuted.

H. G. Sonety, Queen's Printer for New Brunswick, is now chief editor of the Record at St. John.

The Wardville Mechanics' Institute has been re-opened with 1,500 volumes on the shelves.

The G. T. R. will build a 15,000 gallon tank at Kingston for cattle passing through on trains.

The contract for the construction of a light-house at Cabot Head, Georgian Bay, has been awarded.

Constable Kenyon, of the North-west Mounted Police, was fatally kicked by a horse at Wasella.

Mayor Ivers and ex-Mayor McCully will be in the field for the St. Thomas mayoralty next year.

Thomas Fenton, of Banner, died while being operated upon for a jump in his neck by London doctors.

At the next Hamilton civic election opposition, to further houses to the T. R. and B. W. will be an issue.

An unusually heavy crop of beech nuts this year indicates, according to an old saying, a very cold winter.

Wm. Jenkins, a young coloured man of Chatham, died from the effects of drinking a quart of whiskey.

The first annual convention of the Disciples of Christ, of western Ontario, has just been held at St. Thomas.

Mr. J. Dickson, master in the Stratford Collegiate Institute, has been appointed a position in the London Institute.

A half-hour fight between a band-diver and a pike-hawk, both on the wing, interested Berlin citizens the other day.

A Stratford woman sued another for stealing her cat, and while the suit was in progress the cat came back from a journey.

Sweelbory's complete works, in 32 handsomely bound volumes, have been presented to the Brockville Mechanics' Institute.

Mr. John Wilkins, Ravensworth, has in his possession a work on the life of Christ which was written by Jeremy Taylor, and which is nearly 200 years of age.

Every couple married in the town of Thorold, village of Merriton, and township of Stamford and Thorold during the balance of 1903, will receive the Thorold Post for one year.

Deposits in the Dominion Government's savings bank during August amounted to \$314,684. There was withdrawn the sum of \$257,902, leaving on deposit at the end of the month \$17,706,921.

The Banque du Peuple, Montreal, has obtained judgment in the Court of Appeal against a pike-hawk, both on the wing, for \$14,684 against the town of Merriton, for money advanced. The town sought to evade payment on the plea that their borrowing the money had been ultra vires.

The British Government present to the library of the University of Manitoba a full set of the reports of the Challenger expedition. This splendid gift consists of 50 large royal quarto volumes, of which the published price is upwards of \$500.

Taking No Chances.

Raggy, for a tramp, you are a lot better behaved fellow I ever met.

It's business, Dusty. I ain't anxious to get into no hot water. Fact is, I hate water of all kinds.

Civilty costs nothing, and here's every thing.—July 31, W. Montague.

A LONDON INSTITUTION.

PLACE WHERE YOU CAN GET A HOT SUPPER FOR A PENNY.

If You Occupy the Back Room and Eat a Knife and Fork, It Will Cost You a Penny Extra—A Great Boon to the Poor of London.

In a little street just off Tottenham Court road, near where the Euston road passes on its way to King's Cross, there is a little shop with dirty windows, writes a London correspondent. If you happen to be passing by this shop any time from 7 till 12 o'clock, you will find people going in and coming out with some rapidity—going in with nothing and coming out with a big piece of newspaper containing some fried potatoes and a most luscious-looking bit of fish. The place is what is called over here a "Fish Supper Bar," and the people who go in are the poor of London.

I ought not to say, perhaps, that the people go in with nothing, for they could hardly come out with the newspaper and the fish if they didn't have a copper or two to pay for it. But they have little more than the coppers and the clothes on their backs. Along about 7 or 8 it is usual to see ragged men and women entering the bar for their evening meal. Toward 10, strange to say, the men and women are joined by numerous ragged children, and toward 12 the chief customers are cabbies and hungry "bobbies," who have taken a moment or two from their work in order to get a "snack," which is the peculiar word used to describe the bit of fish. About half past 12 the fish bar closes, and the long day of the proprietor comes quickly to an end.

On one of the coldest nights of last winter I took my place in the ragged line and walked into this bar for my fish and potatoes. I might have gone into any other, for you can hardly walk along a street in London without discovering from the

SMELL OF FAT.

and the hazy atmosphere on the sidewalk that you are in the immediate neighborhood of a bar. But I chose this one simply because it seemed to be well patronized, particularly by children, and it was on my way home. The "guyver" was a snub-nosed fellow when he was too busy doing out the "fish and taters," and he seemed only too glad to tell about his business to a curious (and hungry) soul like myself. And while he was wrapping up the "snacks" I took a good look round. Behind the counter there were two big troughs of tin filled with sizzling fat, above fish in one and potatoes in the other. Above the troughs was a long rack like a gridiron filled with steaming fish and potatoes, and this rack was divided into sections, containing different sized pieces of skate and plaice. On a little table near by were some whole fish, and as soon as the rack was cleared more fish would be cut up into cross slices, dipped into a barrel containing batter, and thrown into the smoking trough. When business was not very pressing, and potatoes were scarce, some good bouncing escallops would be hauled forth (with the skins on) from a firkin of dirty water, and, after being cut into long slices, would be tossed into the other trough. And so the operations continued until closing time. The fish when it came out from the fat would be a good deal bigger than it was originally, by virtue of the generous ducking in the thick batter, and the potatoes were not any smaller because the skin had been left on. The whole thing was done in haste, with a fair amount of cleanliness, and custom was so sharp that the "snacks" had little time to get cold. The price of a "snack" was a halfpenny or a penny, according to the size of the fish. Plaice cost a little more than skate because skate is easier to get, and more of the space inside the skin and the dough is filled with bones. If you didn't want your fish wrapped up in a paper you could have it on a plate, and eat it in the back room. But when you got the privilege of the back room and a knife and fork, you had to pay a penny extra. "Taters" cost a halfpenny or a penny, according to the quantity—some shovelful a halfpenny and two shovelfuls a penny.

ONE SHOVELFUL.

was enough for anybody except a cabby or a policeman. The "taters" were as hot as the fish, and they began to taste good as soon as I forced myself to forget the dirty water and the trink. There was nothing to complain of in the batter, because I had not seen it made. The proprietor, however, assured me that the batter was made of good clean flour and water, and that the fat was the best of dripping. It smelled good.

At last I asked the man at the trough about the children who were coming in. One told me that he had just come in with a "porth of shills," and had begun to eat it before he passed through the door. He told me that it was very common for the mothers or fathers to give the children a halfpenny, and sometimes a penny, for their supper; and that the children always came to the place where they could get the most for their money. "If it wasn't for the fish bars," he said, "I dunno wot the nippers'd do. And they like it because it's hot." The faces of the children were pinched and cold, and their appreciation of the fish and taters bore out the man's statement that it wasn't everybody "as could get a hot supper for a penny." And when I remarked that the children were out pretty late he answered, "They ain't got nothin' as you call a 'ome.' The nippers run about care-free, he might have added that the father or mother was usually in the "pub." But he didn't.

These fish-supper bars must therefore play a very important part in the life of the poor of London. The benefit is more by the people than the proprietors, for it takes a rattling custom and a good many "snacks" of fish at a halfpenny apiece to bring to a man enough to live and support a family upon. The prices would double or higher if it were not for the competition. The expense of fitting up a bar is fairly slight, and the knowledge required to run it is very small; so that a great many go into the business. I know of places where they charge two and three pence for a "snack," but they are not so well patronized as the cheaper bars, except by those who think that the extra charge is a guarantee of better dripping and more cleanliness. When one is done to his last penny, however, one does not think much of cleanliness; and it is the people that have very little in the world who support the fish bar.

MECHANICS' WAGES IN BRITAIN.

Wages of Workmen in England, Scotland and Ireland.

An important blue book just issued by the British Board of Trade gives the statistics of wages paid for manual labor in Great Britain in 1891, requiring some degree of skill, but excluding workers in textile trades and in mining, as to whom reports have already been published. The figures are those of wages paid during the year 1891, the slowest of English officials being greater even than that of our Census Bureau; in some cases, however, comparison can be made with the returns of the British census of 1891. The report will form some time form the basis of comparison and theorizing, and is valuable as giving definite information on the question of the "pauper labor" of Europe.

The average wages paid to every man was 24 shillings and 9 pence, 86.03, a week, or a dollar a day, which if he had continuous employment for 52 weeks would give £12, or \$320, a year. The average for women was 12 shillings 8 pence, \$3.08, a week; for boys, 9 shillings and 2 pence, \$2.21; for girls, 6 shillings and 5 pence, \$1.66. These are the averages of the wages of 816,160 persons. Round numbers, one-twelfth of the persons earned \$50 a year or over, another twelfth between \$30 and \$50, one-third between \$20 and \$30, one-twelfth between \$20 and \$25, and five-twelfths \$20 or less; included in this last class is the greater number of women, boys, and girls.

Wages are lower in Scotland than in England by 10 per cent, while in Ireland they are 15 per cent less than in England, as will be seen by the table; annual wages paid to different classes of mechanics.

TRADES	ENGLAND	SCOTLAND	IRELAND
Engineering	24 9	21 6	15 0
Metal work	22 6	20 0	14 0
Sawmills	22 6	20 0	14 0
Coining	22 6	20 0	14 0
Blacksmithing	22 6	20 0	14 0
Boiler-making	22 6	20 0	14 0
Blacksmithing	22 6	20 0	14 0
Blacksmithing	22 6	20 0	14 0
Blacksmithing	22 6	20 0	14 0
Blacksmithing	22 6	20 0	14 0

The variations in the same trade in England itself are remarkable. Lancashire ironworkers pay their pickers 10s. 6d. a week, while in the Cleveland district they pay £50 and in Scotland £74. In engineering works in London the wages are £50, in Manchester they are £68, and in other English districts £50; in Scotland the rate is between £50 and £65, while in Ireland it is £21 for Dublin and £12 for the rest of the country, including Belfast. In the iron and steel shipbuilding industry the London wages are £112, on the northeast coast they are £70, on the Clyde and in Lancashire £68.

In considering the earnings of railroad workmen, a comparison is possible with the figures for 1891, as in that year very complete returns were made by all the companies. The average of wages has risen by one guinea, or \$1.11, in five years, being now £50 and 18 shillings, or \$44.88, the men received less than 20 shillings in 1886 to 42.1 in 1891, and 44.5 received between 20 and 30 shillings in the latter years, against 43.1 in the former.

THE AVERAGE INCREASE

in England was 17 shillings, in Scotland 26, and in Ireland 33. In England nearly two thirds of the locomotive engineers receive over 40 shillings, or \$10, a week, and only 3 in 1,000 less than 30 shillings. In Scotland and Ireland from 40 to 44 shillings, while 320 in 1,000 get less than 30, which is strange, for Scotch trains are run as fast as English and require equal skill. Firemen get about one-half as much as engineers. Two-thirds of the English guards are paid over 25 shillings, but signmen are paid much less, "two-thirds of them between 2 and 25 shillings and one-fifth less than 20 shillings."

THE CHANCES OF EARNING OVER \$10 A WEEK

vary with the trades, sometimes with no apparent reason. Newspaper printers are the best off, as 37 per cent of them attain that sum; then come tin-plate workers with 23 per cent; 13 per cent of shipbuilders, 11 per cent of brass and copper workers, 10 per cent of coopers also earn it. But while 15 per cent of the brewers earn 40 shillings, only one per cent of the distillers do, and 4 workmen pig iron obtain that sum to 1 worker on railroad cars.

Wages tend to increase slowly in all the British trades, as the conclusion of the report, though it cannot be proved till full reports for later years are published.

RARELY RECOVERED.

Lord Dudley Paid—Thieves Who Stole His Wife's Jewels to Return Them.

It is a noteworthy fact that in the case of all the great jewel robberies of the last decade so there has only been one solitary instance of the victim recovering the treasures. It was that of Lady Dudley, whose case of jewels was stolen from her confidential maid under most extraordinary circumstances at the Paddington terminus of the Great Western Railway in London, just as Lady Dudley was leaving for Windsor Castle on a dine-and-sleep visit to the Queen. The maid had the heavy jewel case on the platform for a moment, and the thieves, who had been waiting for the opportunity, had put her foot on it, the Dudley footmen and servants as well as the Countess herself standing around her in all the bustle and preparation and departure. For just a second something occurred to divert the girl's attention and when she looked down the case was gone.

For several weeks the Scotland Yard police, as well as the private detective agencies, hunted high and low for the jewels without finding the slightest clue. At the end of that time Lord Dudley received a confidential communication in which the return of the jewels was proposed on the condition that no questions were asked and a certain sum, representing about one-sixth of the value of the gems, was given. Now Lord Dudley, although crazy upon a number of subjects, was singularly shrewd and sharp upon others. He at once perceived that the jewels were too well known throughout the length and breadth of the civilized world to enable the thieves to dispose of them, even in a foreign country, and that the only thing they could do in order to derive any benefit from the robbery would be to recast the stones, which he knew they would not hesitate to do unless he accepted their terms. Immensely wealthy, he did not wait long, but complied with their request and in due course received the jewels in precisely the same condition in which they had been lost, the only change being that in the case of one or two parures the setting had been slightly improved upon and one or two innovations introduced, which showed the hand of a perfect genius of a jeweller, and gave great satisfaction to the beautiful Countess.

THE PEOPLE MARVELLED

At the Rescue of Mr. Metcalfe of Hornings' Mills.

Badly Crippled With Sciatica and an Intense Sufferer For Years—For Two Years Was Not Able to Do Any Work—But, Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health.

From the Shelburne Economist.

The completion of the local telephone service between Shelburne and Hornings' Mills by Messrs. John Metcalfe and W. H. Marriott, referred to in these columns recently, was the means of bringing to the notice of a reporter of the Economist the fact of the remarkable restoration to health some time ago of Mr. Metcalfe, the chief promoter of the line. For about two years Mr. Metcalfe was a terrible sufferer from sciatica, and unable to work. While he was in bed, he was so badly crippled that his bent form, as he occasionally hobbled about the streets of Hornings' Mills, excited universal sympathy. He was in one of his hips and he could not stand or walk erect. His familiar attitude, as



“Walked in a Stopped Position.”

the residents of Hornings' Mills can vouch, was in a stopped over position, with one hand on his knee. Mr. Metcalfe says: "For about two years I was not able to do any work. Local physicians failed to do me any good, and I went to Toronto for treatment. With equally unsatisfactory results. I also tried electrical appliances without avail. I returned home from Toronto discouraged, and said I would take no more medicine, that it seemed as if I had to die anyway. My system was very much run down and the pains at times were excruciating. I adhered to my old way of life, and determined to take no more medicine, but finally consented to a trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strongly recommended by a friend. Before I had taken them very long I felt a great deal better, my appetite returned, and the pains diminished. After using the pills for some time I began to feel as if I could stand and walk erect and resume my work in the full enjoyment of health and strength. People who knew me marvelled at my recovery. I am now as well as ever. I have given the facts for publication in the local paper, and have returned, Mr. Metcalfe stated that once or twice, as the result of unusual exposure, he had experienced some of the pains he had formerly felt. He kept some of the pills at hand for use on such occasions, and they never failed to fix him up all right. He is now in the flour and provision business, and, as proof of his ability to do good a day's work as he ever did, he has, since his recovery, with the erection of his six miles of telephone line was performed by himself. Several other instances in which the users of Pink Pills derived great benefit, among them being that of a lady resident of Hornings' Mills, who, the Economist knows of a number of instances in Shelburne where great good has followed the use of this well-known remedy.

The public are cautioned against imitations and substitutes, said to be just as good. These are only offered by some unscrupulous dealers because there is a larger profit for them in the imitation. There is no other remedy that can successfully take the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and those who are in need of a medicine should insist upon getting the genuine, which are always put up in boxes bearing the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you cannot obtain them from your dealer, they will be sent post-paid on receipt of five cents a box, or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

A Celebrated Commercial College.

During the last thirty-five years the British American Business College of Toronto, has been recognized throughout Canada as the leading institution in the country for the training of young men and young women for various vocations in commercial life. That the business men of Toronto realize the importance of such an institution in their midst is evidenced by the fact that it has just been reorganized as a joint stock company, having among its directors such men as S. Caldwell, President of the Toronto Board of Trade, Edw. Trout, Pres. Monetary Times Printing Co., E.R.C. Clarkson, Chartered Accountant, W. Metcalfe, M.P., Ins. Co., Frederick Wyld, of Wyld, Grasset and Darling, S. F. McKinnon, wholesale iron and steel merchant, and the firm of Thomson, Henderson and Bell.

The methods of instruction have been greatly improved, and the staff largely increased so as to better conform with the practical ideas of the Board of Directors. Students will henceforth receive a thorough training, not only in bookkeeping and commercial calculations, but, also, in all the details of office work, by handling the same papers and performing the same duties as a bookkeeper or assistant in any well-regulated business office.

Those who have the benefit of a training of this kind will experience very little difficulty in obtaining situations in commercial offices. The President of the Board of Trade has denoted a valuable gold medal, to be competed for at the Christmas examinations by those in attendance during the present term.

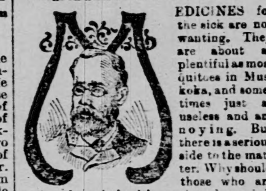
When in Toronto, recently, we had the pleasure of visiting the magnificent premises in the Confederation Life Building, which are the finest ever devoted to the purposes of business and shorthand education in Canada. Those who are interested in this line of work, would do well to write the Secretary, Mr. David Hoskins, for one of their handsome free catalogues.

His Needs.

Tramp—Gimme a dime, mister. Mister—What do you want with a dime? Tramp—Aw, I just want to buy a dime and lot with it. What you think?

THE ONLY REMEDY THAT CURES.

Ephraim Talman, of Merrickville, Was a Very Sick Man—He Tried a Great Many Remedies, But Only Got Temporary Relief—South American Nervine, an Recommendation of Mr. E. Talman, a Merchant, Was Tried, and Disease Was in a Short Time Banished.



EDICINES for the sick are not wanting. They are about as plentiful as mosquitoes in Muskoka, and sometimes just as useless and annoying. But there is one side to the matter. Why should those who are broken down in health, weak and weary, and high upon death often, have their condition aggravated by remedies that do them of good. Sometimes, as Mr. Ephraim Talman, who is a retired farmer, highly respected in the community, and now living in Merrickville, has said, temporary relief is secured. But the patient is left in a state of disappointment in apt to set the patient back further than he was before.

The feature of South American Nervine is its permanent healing power. It is a medicine which strikes at the root of disease, curing the deranged parts at the nerve centres, and these cured, disease cannot exist.

Mr. Talman found this to be the case. He says:—"Two years ago this fall I had an attack of La Grippe, and I have never been well since. My bowels, I may say, became perfectly dormant, and I tried a great many medicines, and got just temporary relief. But it was very temporary. I was a lumber merchant, of this town, advised me to try South American Nervine, and I must, and can, truthfully say that I have received more benefit from it than from all the other remedies I have ever taken. I can honestly recommend it as I consider it an excellent remedy. I know nothing better. I am a much better man since taking this remedy than for a number of years, and I give this testimony freely of my own accord, wishing South American Nervine the success it deserves."

How Editors Are Treated in China.

Nineteen hundred editors of a Peking paper are said to have been beheaded. Some would say that the slaughter of those who are heedless of the fact that Consumption is ready to fasten its fatal hold on themselves. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the efficient remedy for weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, bronchitis, asthma, severe coughs, and kindred ailments.

Stamps, La Fayette Co., Arkansas. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Dear Sir,—I will say this to you, that consumption is hereditary in my wife's family. Some have already died with the disease. My wife has a sister, Mrs. E. A. Cleary, that was taken with consumption. She used your "Golden Medical Discovery," and, to the surprise of her many friends, she got well. My wife has also had hemorrhages from the lungs, and her sister insisted on her using the "Golden Medical Discovery." I consented to her using it, and it cured her. She has had no symptoms of consumption for the past six years.

Yours very truly,

W. C. ROGERS, M. D.

Delicate diseases in either sex, however induced, speedily cured. Book sent securely sealed, 10 cents in stamps. Address in care of the World Dispensary, Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

A. P. 786.



Mr. John W. Coughlin.

Tired but Sleepless

In a condition which gradually wears away the strength. Let the blood be purified and enriched by Hood's Sarsaparilla and this condition will cease.

"For two or three years I was subject to poor sleeps. I always felt tired, could not sleep at night and the little I could eat did not do me any good. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before I had finished two bottles I began to feel better and in a short time I felt all right and had gained 21 pounds in weight. I am stronger and healthier than I have ever been in my life." JOHN W. COUGHLIN, Wallaceburg, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. Do not be induced to buy and other.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver, Bile, Blood, and all other ailments.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

DR. HINN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

STAMMERING Permanently cured. Use Dr. HINN'S BAKING POWDER. Circular.

ALL THE LEADING BAKERS. Dr. HINN'S BAKING POWDER. Circular.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

Have You Thought of It

For four thousand years or more the world has suffered, and fumed about its corns, for there was no positive relief—no certain and painless cure until Dr. Scott Putnam gave to the world his great Corn Extractor. If there is suffering now it is a result of carelessness, for the remedy is at hand. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor. It is sure, painless and prompt. Beware of substitutes.

Mr. W. M. Carman, champion bicyclist of Canada, writes that he considers St. Leon the very best thing to drink while in general training.

New South Wales owns 2,182 miles of railway, and New Zealand in 1892 owned 672 miles.

Asif by Magic.

This is always the case when Nervine is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more penetrating, and quicker in action than any other remedy in the world, gain cannot stay where it is used. It is just the thing to have in the house to meet a sudden attack of illness.

Cold in the Head.—Nasal Balm gives instant relief, speedily cures. Never fails.

Children Shrink

from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance. Children almost always like Scott's Emulsion.

And it does them good.

Scott's Emulsion is the easiest, most palatable form of Cod-liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda added to nourish the bones and tone up the nervous system. The way children gain flesh and strength on Scott's Emulsion is surprising even to physicians.

All delicate children need it.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bown, Belleville, 50¢ and \$1.

FARMERS here is a snap for you. Harris has sample cloth pieces for quilts. Send 1¢ for trial lot, good for a year.

27, 29, 31 William St., Toronto.

TO WOOLEN MANUFACTURERS.

Woolen bought and sold. Hard Waste, Hard Waste, Flocks, etc., bought or exchanged for Mill Supplies, guaranteed waste or shoddy. Robt. S. Fraser, 231, Hinton St., Montreal.

DOUGLAS BROS., Slate, Gravel and meta

sheet metal workers, 124 Adelaide W., Toronto

RICH FLORIDA LANDS—Reclaimed muck; ad

joining Lake Apopka; healthful part of state; no clearing, draining, or irrigation work or three crops yearly; low prices; easy terms. W. J. Peck, 201 Church St., Toronto.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

If you want to buy or sell a stock or business of any description write me. I have had large experience in the wholesale. Am selling business continually. Correspondence confidential. No charge to buyers. JOHN NEW, 21 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

TEXTILE MILL SUPPLIES.

Cotton and Woolen. Best English Card Cloth, etc. Also live. Highest grade Logwood Chips. Write for quotations.

ROBERT & CO., 118, St. Michael St., Montreal.

\$500,000.

PRIVATE FUNDS FOR INVESTMENT

on Mortgage of Real Estate. Interest at lowest rates. Special arrangements may be made for small investments.

Beatty, Blackstock, Nesbitt,

Chadwick & Riddell,

Bank of Toronto Office,

Church Street, Toronto

BICYCLES—"THE SUN." A Strictly

Modern High Grade Wheel, as a

Model Price. Send for catalogue.

G. T. FENDRITH, Manufacturer,

75 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

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Every drugist is authorized to sell

No-To-Bac under absolute guarantee

to cure every form of tobacco using.

Our written guarantee, free sample of

No-To-Bac and booklet called "How to

Quit Tobacco Habit and Save Your Life

Are sent free for the asking. Address

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I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent free to any sufferer. Give address and Post Office address. R. G. BERRY, R. C. 101 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Church Directory.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
Supt. Sunday School—J. E. Battell.
Services—Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock; Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Pastor—Rev. T. G. McLeod.
Services—Sunday 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; Monday, T.P.S., C.E. at 7:30; Wednesday, Prayer Meeting, 7:30.
Everybody welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH.
Pastor—Rev. T. Ferrier.
Weekly Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; E. L. of C. E. Monday evening at 8 p.m.; Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.
The public are cordially invited. All seats free.

CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Incumbent—Rev. Wm. Watson.
Sunday Services: Matins at 11 o'clock; Holy Eucharist monthly; Sunday School and Adult Bible Class at 2:30; Evensong at 7:30. Special Evensong every Friday at 7:30 (choir practice afterwards); Matins daily at 8:30; Evensong 7:30. Holy Baptism at any service.
All seats free and unappropriated.

Marching to Freedom.

Raise your voices, comrades, in a loud and hearty song,
Music is the enemy of tyranny and wrong;
Melody will help us to be resolute and strong,
As we are marching to freedom.
When farmers are united we shall conquer every foe,
Right and might are on our side to bring us triumph low,
God is with the toilers as they ever onward go,
Marching to victory and freedom.

We mean to fight for justice, and for equity again,
Long the Parson Army has been gathering its men,
Many friends will help us with ballot, voice and pen,
As we are marching to freedom.
With Brandon for our candidate we need not fear defeat,
Our province shall never then be coerced by a feat,
Prohibition banners, too, will wave on every street,
As we are marching to freedom.

—Farmers' Sun.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away

Is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that breaks up nicotineized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by W. W. Bole under guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St. Montreal.

Boharm Jottings.

BOHARM, Dec. 11.—The recent thaw has put a smile upon the faces of the farmers. The farmer always can find some little joy or other about his premises that can only be done with satisfaction on a warm day. Our ranch friends look upon a thaw out of different colored spectacles, for a chinook almost invariably leaves a crust on the snow, making it difficult for animals to graze.

The Rev. Mr. Robinson occupied the pulpit here last Sabbath at the hour of 2:30 p.m.

The horse Jim, that drove the learned professions to the entertainment, lost his way. Keep your eye on your horse, Joe, and never mind theological and educational discourses these moonlight nights.

Our first and last Page left on the fly. Who is afraid?

We are pleased to inform his clan that they had returned this week. We shall soon hear from the north-west of the town.

The wife of Mr. James Pascoe, of a daughter, James wears a very smiling face, but more so had it been a boy.

A very quiet wedding took place on Wednesday evening last at the residence of Mr. Wm. Hays; his daughter Anna was united in matrimony to Mr. Oscar Lyons of this place.

RAMBLER.

Caron,

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)
CARON, Dec. 12.—Mr. Chas. Coleman, of Blue Rock Ranch, Parkburg, is loading a car of wheat here to-day.

Master Willie Thompson, son of John Thompson, C.P.R. foreman, Moose Jaw, is visiting friends in this neighborhood.

Misses Flora and Maud Coleman, of Blue Rock, Parkburg, are visiting their sister, Mrs. James Luker.

The children of Mr. and Mrs. James Campbell are sick with whooping cough.

Joseph English has just disposed of a car of wheat to C. A. Gase, of Moose Jaw.

McBride Bros. have gone on a trip to Regina.

Mrs. Robt. McBride, who has been sick for some time, is able to be around again.

Mrs. A. H. Powell paid Moose Jaw a visit this week.

Mrs. Chas. Young had four head of cattle killed by being struck with a train some time ago.

Mr. Joseph Getty is laid up at present with a sore hand and is under Dr. Turnbull's care.

A number in this district have had invitations to the annual Xmas Tree at Parkburg.

On the evening of the 3rd inst there was a social in the Orange Hall on behalf of the Caron Sunday School, which was well attended.

Wheat.

It is said that many farmers in Ontario are holding two and even three years' wheat. The disposition to hold this year is almost general. There is said to be lots of wheat in that province if the farmers would only sell it, but notwithstanding that prices have been from ten to twelve cents higher than United States markets, the farmers still hold. This has been a good thing for Manitoba farmers and millers, as Manitoba wheat and flour have had a big sale in Eastern Canadian markets this year. While the Ontario farmers have been tenaciously holding their grain, Manitoba shippers have been busy floating up eastern markets with wheat and flour. At the leading Eastern millers secured large stocks of Manitoba wheat before the close of navigation.—Commercial.

The Burning Question.

The Toronto World prints a despatch from Winnipeg saying:
It is now certain that the Greenway Government have determined to reiterate their previous decision not to grant Separate Schools. Some kind of a compromise was under way, but it has fallen through. A gentleman from Ontario representing at least some of the Ministers at Ottawa, was here for days, and had several interviews with Hon. Mr. Greenway. The Premier of Manitoba was willing to make a number of concessions in the school law of the province, but he would not give Separate Schools pure and simple. He had no objection to Catholics selecting the trustees in Catholic school sections, or Catholics being appointed teachers, or Catholics being appointed teachers, and he was quite willing to have the law adjusted so that the clergy of all denominations could have the closing hour for religious instruction. But Mr. Greenway would not concede the Separate schools. The gentleman who was at Ottawa and the representatives of the church in the Separate schools, and so the negotiations ended.

An Original Assessor.

Among our real estate assessors a year or two ago was one named Dennis McElhinney. On his rounds he came to the habitation of his friend, Michael Mulcahy.

"Good morning, Michael," said he. "Good morning, Dennis," returned Michael.

"It's assasin' this mornin' I am, Mike," said Dennis.

"Then be aisy wid me, Dennis. What wid late estate assessments and strath assessments, it's the devil's own work to save enough to pay my Tammany assessment."

"I'll be aisy, Mik. I'll put yez down for ten dollars a foot. That will be thirty times ten is three hundred for the lot, and twilify for the goat."

"Phwat," cried Mulcahy.

"Three hundred for the lot and twenty for the goat."

"The goat's not rale estate!"

"It is so, under the new law."

"Go 'way wid yez!"

"I can prove it to yez," said the assessor, drawing out his instructions.

"Rade that, will yez?—Assiss at its proper valuation per front foot all properties aboundin' an, abuttin' on both sides of the strath. Many's the toime I've seen your goat aboundin' and abuttin' on the strath. Twenty dollars for the goat, Mike."—Art Printer.

Holiday Humor.

Wishing a poor man a merry Christmas is much cheaper than buying his turkey for him.

Now is the time for men to educate their wives regarding the proper price for a box of first-rate smokable cigars.

When a man carries a Christmas tree through the streets he looks as if he had found it awfully hard to be good without looking silly.

"My husband doesn't want me to make him a Christmas present." "And will you?" "I must. I need things I can get any other way."

Love is blind, but if you offer your wife a seal plush acquie for a Christmas present she will be able to tell that it isn't the genuine article before she feels it.

What a beautiful sight the household and world at large would present if there were no other forms of light save the give and take noticeable around Christmas!

"What do I want for a Christmas present?" said the pensive man to the enthusiastic woman. "Well, I think I should like a cheap fountain pen, one of the kind that won't work more than two weeks. Then a sofa pillow stuffed with hair that sticks out through an extra-thin covering. A pair of oversized gloves and a pair of oversized slippers would please me, and I think, my dear, that if you would get me a pipe that won't draw it would make the day seem like an old-fashioned Christmas."

Q. Why sits the scribe in silence down. With looks so glumly grim?
Why does he let his eyes grow lower—Oh, what's a cat's him!

A. His boss demands a Christmas sketch Of vigor, life and vim, Without one word (Oh cruel wretch!) Of Dickens' "Tiny Tim."
—Penny Stiffs.

About Representatives and Electors.

In view of the certainty of the Dominion elections within the next six months at the latest, the following facts may be of more than passing interest. We glean them from the recently published Dominion Statistical Year-Book.

The total number of representatives to be elected to the next Parliament will be 215. This will be two less than there is in the present House. New Brunswick loses two and Nova Scotia one because of slow increase in population in those provinces, compared with the rest of the Dominion. Manitoba, on the other hand, gains one. The other provinces retain their present number.

The present representatives are distributed to the provinces as follows: Ontario 92, Quebec 65, Nova Scotia 20, New Brunswick 14, Manitoba 7, British Columbia 6, Prince Edward Island 5, North-West Territories 4.

The average population of the constituencies in the Dominion is 22,688, but the proportion in the different provinces varies considerably. Ontario has the large average per representative, being 22,992; Quebec 22,900; Nova Scotia, 22,520; New Brunswick 22,917; Manitoba 21,786; Prince Edward Island 21,815; North-West Territories 16,700; British Columbia 16,269.

In Great Britain there is one representative to each 56,431 of population; in the United States one to each 170,016 for the House at Washington; while in New Zealand there is one to each 8,838, and in the Australian provinces one to less than each 6,000. They have not local legislatures besides, however, as our provinces have.

The number of voters on the revised Dominion voters' list, as it now stands, is 1,353,735. At the time of the last general election, in March, 1891, the number was 1,132,201, and at the election in 1887 it was 993,914. The number of the electors in the various provinces stands now as follows: Ontario 650,021; Quebec, 351,076; Nova Scotia, 111,114; New Brunswick, 91,697; Prince Edward Island, 25,245; Manitoba 85,684; North-West Territories, 20,878; British Columbia, 38,010.

The present revised Dominion voters' list has cost the country between \$150,000 and \$200,000, all of which seems worse than useless spent, for if the various Provincial lists could be used, as during the first twenty years of Confederation, nearly all this amount could have been saved, and the list would be later and better too. As it is, these lists will be about two years old when used, and all who have come of age, or have become otherwise entitled to vote during that time, will be left off and thus disfranchised. The lists, on the other hand, will contain tens of thousands of names of those who will be dead, or who will have left the country.

Catarth Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarth Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarth, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 50 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. W. Bole.

D. McMillan

Wholesale and Retail

BUTCHER.

All kinds of fresh and cured meats constantly on hand.

Fresh Fish, Game, Poultry, Etc., in season.

GIVE US A CALL . . .

D. McMillan.

BRUNSWICK

HOTEL,

RIVER STREET WEST.

Thoroughly refitted and renovated in every department. House refurnished throughout.

ROOMS LIGHTED WITH ELECTRICITY.

First class Liquors and Cigars. Every convenience for the travelling public.

J. H. KERN, PROP.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS

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Patents taken through H. S. & C. O. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and this is brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$3 a year. Sample copies sent free.

Building Edition, monthly, \$3 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in color, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure better buildings.

Is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.

PAIN-KILLER is a sure cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Chills, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, and all other complaints.

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MOTHER AND DAUGHTER Rejoice Together.

New Year Old Maggie McRitchie, a Victim of Chronic "Painting Spells and Nervous Weakness," Completely Cured by South American Nerve After all Other Efforts had failed. The Mother, a Sufferer From Nervous Prostration and Indigestion, likewise Cured. Hear What the Thankful Father Has to Say.



A leading local physician, whose profession takes him abroad, writes, "I have seen many children of the various public institutions, and I can say that I have never seen one so badly affected as Maggie McRitchie. After she had taken medicine for some time, she was brought to me. As a result of using South American Nerve, she is now entirely free from nervous troubles, which was the cause of her spells and nervousness, and her brightness and cheerfulness of childhood. I am satisfied that this excellent medicine for nervous weakness. My experience has been further supplemented in the fact that my wife has also been using South American Nerve for indigestion, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, and has found very great relief."

Whether the patient be man or woman, young or old, South American Nerve provides a complete medium for restoration to health. It is a medicine differing absolutely from every other. A cure is effected by application to the nerve centres of the human system and science has proved that when these nerve centres are kept healthy the whole body is healthy. For these reasons failure is impossible.

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VEST POCKET DINNERS.

BUTTONS, PILLS AND CAPSULES THAT CONTAIN FOODS.

A Pill, Makes a Cup of Tea, Beef Comes in Tablets, and Soups in Small Capsules—Experiments With Condensed Food That May Make Kitchen, Cooks and Restaurant Things of the Past.

Coming generations will dispense with the cook and the kitchen. Beefsteaks are to be done away with, vegetables will be a thing of the past and a turkey will be put up in a small package no bigger than a box of cigarettes. Restaurants are to disappear, diners will no longer be served and the time now wasted in eating will be saved for more useful purposes.

When the Japanese soldiers marched into China each man carried a cartridge belt and a dinner belt. Into the latter were stuffed capsules, pills, buttons and small packages like cartridges which contained condensed foods of various kinds.

If the soldier wanted a cup of tea while on the march, he dropped a button into a tin of hot water. For dinner he could draw a large variety of meats from his food belt. A capsule made the soup and a couple of pills the fish, already seasoned. For the roast he used a few slices of beef which had been condensed under a thousand pressures into a plug like tobacco.

Buttons of various colors supplied all the vegetables, a capsule made a pudding and another button when dropped in hot water made a cup of strong black coffee. It was even reported that cognac and whiskey had been condensed into tablets.

TO SIMPLIFY WAR.

Huge wagon trains of flour and beef "on the hoof" are to be things of the past. Armies in future can eat themselves out from their base of supplies, as they will carry the supplies with them.

Their movement will not be impeded by droves of cattle, brought along for food, for the cattle, in the form of little tablets, will repose in belts or knapsacks, and victory will wait upon the cook. The soldier can even time while fighting.

After putting a cartridge in his gun the private can put a capsule of roast beef in his mouth. He can have beef tea while charging the enemy, Boston baked beans during a pause in the battle and a condensed mince pie in the very hour of victory. These are some of the staples which governments are now supplying to their men.

But the benefits of condensed food tablets can be extended to private citizens. Only a few men have the sense of taste and gourmet who really enjoy a meal are rare. It is estimated that every man now wastes three hours a day eating. After he has eaten he forgets all about "the pleasures of the table" and only remembers that an hour is gone.

All this time can be saved. The food buttons and pills already contain every necessary element.

THE NEW WAR BREAD.

The boards appointed to consider the question of emergency foods are sending in their reports, upon which final conclusions will be based. The problem is how to make up a food package—something that shall render the fighting man independent of supply trains for a short period in case he is wounded or cut off with a detachment from the main command.

"Experiments in this line are being made by all the great war powers," says Major Woodruff. "They are trying everything imaginable for the purpose. Here, for example, is an element of the British emergency ration. It looks like a dog biscuit, doesn't it? Three ounces it weighs, and it is four inches square. It is composed simply of whole wheat, solidly compressed. A condensed loaf of bread you might call it. The French have a new 'war bread,' which is to replace hard-tack. Its ingredients are a secret. When put into hot water or soup it swells up like a sponge and is said to be virtually the same as fresh bread.

"In future war the aim will be to furnish the troops with fresh articles of diet in the field. Dried foods are only suitable as emergency foods. Germany and France, by the help of cold storage, have been able to transport fresh food by train to the front by rail. When practicable, fresh bread will be forwarded daily to the fighting line. The French Government has constructed a number of bakeries on wheels for use in emergency. These are equipped with containing ovens and all necessary appliances, so that bread may be made on the march.

EVAPORATED ONIONS.

"For emergency rations evaporated vegetables have been tried, but not with great success. They are not nutritious enough, and they do not keep well. Here is a one-pound can of evaporated onions. Snells strong enough to do it. It ought to be as much as it represents ten pounds of fresh onions. In the same way potatoes, carrots, turnips and cabbages are put up. "Dehydrated foods are now being produced on an enormous scale by many firms in this country and abroad. A good example is the case of the dehydrated beef. One ounce of it is equal to five ounces of ordinary meat, because it is absolutely water-free. It is too hard to cut with a knife without trouble, and the soldier chops off a small hunk of it. He puts the piece into a small machine like a coffee-mill and grinds it up. It comes out in fine shavings, ready to be eaten on bread or to be used for soup stock.

"Beef tea, used as a stimulant, is a good thing for soldiers. For an emergency ration it is put up in capsules, one of which makes a cup. Each capsule contains the necessary seasoning and costs two cents. Beef tea contains almost no nutriment, but only the flavoring and stimulating qualities of the meat. When a person is informed several pounds of beef, he infers that it is equally nourishing. The truth is that the nourishment is left behind in the boiler. A human being will starve to death on an unlimited supply of beef tea.

"The most important element of the British ration is pemmican—a preparation of beef, fat and salt. It may be eaten without further cooking, or made into hash or soup by boiling it with vegetables. It keeps sound for years, though exposed to air. With the pemmican goes a can of the same size containing a mixture of cocoa and honey.

LIQUID CORNED BEEF.

"Canned foods will play an important part in the future. The Belgian ration is a one-ounce can of corned beef put up in a liquor that is flavored with vegetables. The German emergency ration

is a one-pound can of preserved meat, with hard bread and pea sausage. A biscuit composed of meat and flour had been tried for the German army, but the soldiers would not eat it. The biscuit was supposed to furnish the fighting man with everything necessary for his physical support, water excepted.

"Very likely some soldiers would not put up with the German 'crab-wurst.' Yet that species of pea sausage is said to have been a leading cause of the success of the German arms in the Franco-Prussian war. Without it the troops could not have endured the fatigue. The sausage is made of pea-meal, fat and bacon. It was devised by a German cook, from whom the invention was purchased by the Government for \$25,000. Each sausage makes twelve plates of nutritious soup.

"Amongst other things under consideration are condensed soups. This little packet, which looks somewhat like a bundle of cigarettes, contains just three ounces of dehydrated pea soup. You observe, it is so compressed as to be quite hard. I break it up and throw it into this saucepan. To it I add one quart of water, and I place it on a gas stove here to boil. For flavoring, though it is not necessary, let us add a small quantity of these evaporated onions. In the course of fifteen minutes I will offer you a plate of very excellent pea soup.

A CONDENSED CUP OF TEA.

"What do you suppose this is? It looks like a button, doesn't it? It is a cup of tea condensed. All you have to do is to drop into a cup of hot water and stir it up. The sweetening is in the button with the tea. No, the sweetening is not sugar, but a coal-tar product called 'saccharine,' which is more than two hundred times as sweet as sugar. The quantity added needs to be very small. Coffee is put up in the same way, with saccharine, as well as in a shape that looks like black molasses.

"An iron ration is a short-weight and highly concentrated diet, intended to cover only a brief period. It is not to be used except when the regular food supply cannot be obtained. Supposing the army supplies to be regularly furnished, the fighting man ought to return from the campaign carrying in his haversack the same emergency ration with which he started out originally. But it may happen that his regiment or brigade is cut off from the main body, and in that case the emergency rations may be literal salvation. Or he may be left wounded on a field of battle, unable to obtain anything to eat. For days he has it with him. During the recent war with China the Japanese found emergency rations a necessity in active service.

"It is high time, then, that our troops should be provided with emergency rations. One of the questions to be decided is whether the ration shall be carried at the belt or in the haversack.

Soldiers suffering from hunger may be supplied with small quantities of alum, a pinch of which taken from time to time contracts the stomach. Thus the organ, not requiring so much to fill it, can get along with less than the normal diet for a while without complaining."

PEN, INK AND PENCIL.

Some Information About These Articles Which May Be New to You.

Blue ink was first made in London. The "lead" of the pencils ordinarily used is made of graphite.

Pens are polished with emery powder in a large revolving drum.

"The basis of most inkling ink is the ordinary ink of the scribe. There is no lead in their composition.

All kinds of ink and ointment are now very generally used to point gold pens.

The quill pens now used in England come from Germany and the Netherlands.

From 1863 to 1912 many attempts were made to fasten metal points to quill pens.

Printing ink is made of linseed oil, rosin, soap and lampblack or other coloring matter.

Graphite suitable for making lead pencils is found in almost every country on the globe.

For very minute writing pens made from crow's quills have been found to do excellent work.

The basis of old-fashioned lithographic ink was lampblack, shellac, wax tallow and soap.

It is said that 1700 patents for the manufacture of ink have been taken out in Great Britain.

Red ink was formerly made of a solution of Brazil wood, combined with alum, tartar, water and gum.

After being cut, steel pens are annealed and tempered with oil to insure great springiness to the pen.

The ancients, according to Pliny, made a very excellent sympathetic ink, using new milk as the basis.

Inexhaustible supplies of superior graphite, almost pure and eminently suited for pencils, are found in Siberia.

The glazing of pens, in some varieties considered a most important operation, is done with lac dissolved in naphtha.

After the invention of paper, goose quill pens came into fashion. They are not known to have been used before.

For several centuries an infusion of nutgalls treated with sulphate of iron composed the only quill ink.

Modern ink dates from 1798, at which time researches of Dr. Liebig and Rihancourt in the chemistry of ink began.

Many sympathetic inks have been invented, the writing being brought out or made visible by the use of chemicals.

A stylus with split point, apparently for the purpose of writing with fluid ink, has been found in an Egyptian tomb.

In the last century geese were raised in Russia and Poland in vast flocks almost entirely for the sake of their quills.

The Egyptians used pencils of colored chalk, and several of these ancient crayons have been found in their tombs.

Reed pens, split at the end like quill pens, have been used in Egypt since Christ.

Most of the medieval manuscripts have the important initials in red ink; hence arose the term rubric, from rubric, red.

With the early penmen the problem of a point was most serious, and a long time elapsed before it was definitely solved.

In 1763, 27,000,000 quills were shipped from Russia and Poland to England, to say nothing of those which were sent to other countries.

Bellefield—"The Fayses comet is said to be very faint." Bloomfield—"You would be faint, too, if you had traveled as far."

SOME NOTABLE PERSONS.

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH KINGS, QUEENS AND EMPERORS.

Emperor William of Germany and Queen Margherita of Italy—Queen Victoria and the Royal Birthdays—A Pretty Custom in German Imperial Family—The Little King of Spain and the Bull Fighting.

There are minister rumors in the air that King Humbert of Italy has grown jealous in his old age, and whom has he selected for his anxious apprehensions but that pattern of all freese virtues, the Emperor William of Germany. On the occasion of the Emperor's visit to Italy, some six years ago, he was much impressed with Queen Margherita's beauty, and having the happy faculty of turning phrases, he made one or two gallant speeches, which were not at all related by the jealous Umberto. It behooved the not all-powerful ruler of Italy to be prudent, however, and not to offend the imperial attention to the Queen were suffered to pass unnoticed. But when the German Emperor intimated a short time ago that he would like to repeat his visit to the Quirinal, the offer was not taken up, and a good excuse was finally hit upon. "The fates of Sept. 20 in remembrance of the occupation of Rome by Italian soldiers, were strictly private and the coming in pomp of a foreign Sovereign would displease the people."

Padewski will soon again be with us. If you notice, you may see a more than usually cynical expression on the countenance of the pianist. The following little story may explain its presence. A lady visiting Padewski's villa in Paris, noticed a cherry-stone on the mantelpiece of his music-room. She appropriated this treasure, and taking it to a jeweler, had it magnificently set in pearls and diamonds. A few weeks later, Padewski and the lady met in Vienna, and in the course of conversation she showed the musician the flattering bauble, telling him that she prized it more than all her other treasures put together. "But madame," said the divine genius, running his fingers through his golden hair, "I never eat cherries; one day I was eating a cherry and it must have been left there by my servant."

For years people have wondered how Queen Victoria managed to keep track of all the royal birthdays and marriage anniversaries, as Her Majesty is always most prompt in remembering these events and sending suitable gifts. At last the secret is out. A secretary attends to all such matters. He has a collection of books, divided into different chapters. Each chapter deals with a different family into which some member of the Queen's family has married. When a birthday is at hand the secretary informs the Queen, and Her Majesty looks through that famous closet where the India shawls are kept, and makes a selection. Apropos, these shawls are not to be used lately as royal gifts. The fun that was had at their expense recently reached the royal ears, and since then diamonds are the particular mark of royal favor.

History does not record the name of the British soldier accredited with making the worst break on record. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, then Commander of the Army, attended a certain great review held at Aldershot. Among others invited were some German princes, who happened to be late in arriving, thus losing their way in the vast throng, searched in vain for the royal party. At last their carriage reached one of the bridges spanning the Basingstoke Canal, at each end of which a sentry was posted. "Sentry," said one of the princes, addressing the sentry who stood on the west, "can you tell me where I shall find the Prince of Wales or the Duke of Cambridge?" The sentry pondered a moment and then replied: "No, sir; I don't know myself where they are, but if you ask me I'll tell you, for I know all the pubs about here."

There is a very pretty custom in the imperial family of Germany which dates from time immemorial. On the birthday of one of the royal children the Empress goes through the stock of toys which have been accumulating since the child's last birthday and sends all, except a few special favorites to the sick children in hospitals. The present Kaiserin, who is the most motherly of women, has paid special attention to this custom, and the Kaiser's children have been very generous in their gifts. The sick children are always told who sends the presents, and in past years this has resulted in the saving of some curious and interesting relics. In this way the battered tin soldiers which a soldier had saved from the wreck of time. A hideous doll belonging to Queen Louise of Prussia is also in existence.

And so Mrs. Langtry was not "greatly benefited," after all, by the toilet soap which she has persistently puffed for years, since her written praises of its merits was the primary cause of her jewels being stolen. It appears these testimonials attracted the attention of some one with a talent for penmanship, and he eventually succeeded in reproducing a facsimile of "Mrs. Langtry's" handwriting. He further invested in fine stationery and had it stamped with the lady's address, and thus armed with the fruits of his labor and capital he presented himself at the bank where Mrs. Langtry stored her jewels. The clerk, on examining the written order, handed over the lot, including the famous ruby brooch, and the gentlemanly appearing individual departed. Popular actresses, too, have been deceived by the "writing," and so "soothing to the skin," and "soaps" which even the most unimpaired of women are unprepared to believe in after-effects of testimonial writing by employing two signatures.

At last accounts the Emperor William was travelling with 108 uniforms, two tailors and one presser to keep them in order. So successful was he in finding time and occasion in which to wear them that in England he is known as the "lightning change Emperor." The most of this uniformly large wardrobe, being comparatively modern, is rather quiet in color and design, the gold lace and brass buttons, in which the heart of the Emperor

delights, being conspicuous by their absence. Therefore, Emperor Franz Josef, who knows no greater pleasure than that of making young people happy, comes to the rescue with the gorgeous uniform of a general of the Hungarian army. Coat and tightly-fitting trousers are of scarlet cloth, and bordered with sable, a sable cap with heron's plumes, high boots with gold spurs and tassels complete this imposing uniform.

The Queen of Spain looks with terror upon the chosen sport of her people—bull fighting. She begged that the little King might be excused from looking at the cruel sport of the arena till he had attained his tenth birthday. To this the Spaniards gave a very unwilling consent, and no sooner had young Alfonso celebrated his birthday, then she was reminded that it was time for him to enjoy the amusement of his ancestors. Christian had many excuses, but they had to yield to public opinion, and the little boy was taken to the bull-fight. He watched it, in a stoical manner, neither seeming to enjoy or disapprove, and this indifference was most disappointing to the Spaniards. The cruellest custom, in not rewarding the successful matador, and taken all together, King Alfonso's first bull-fight seems to have been a t-class fizzle.

LONDON'S KING OF PICKPOCKETS.

Death of Joseph Walley, Who Made a Fortune as a Thief and Was Then Covered.

The ex-king of pickpockets in London. Mr. Joseph Walley, has just died of pneumonia at the age of 83 years, forty of which he spent from time to time in jail. Like a grand old-time monarch, he had several wives; at least seven are known to have constituted his better half. His family, of course, was extremely numerous, but he didn't bother himself much about looking after them. He was born at Southampton and commenced to practice his profession at the age of ten. He was then engaged almost exclusively in the handkerchief departments, but he progressed rapidly, and was soon promoted to the branch of jewelry and pocketbooks. When he was about nineteen years old he was President of the first pickpocket trust ever formed in England.

Mrs. Walley, his mother, was a good and religious woman, and when her bad son was sent to jail for the first time she died of grief. Joe cried bitterly over the loss of his mother, but soon dried his tears and resumed his old vocation. He became tired of Southampton, and started for the capital. On his way to London he was

ATTACKED BY FOOTPADS.

He pitched into them and killed one, but they finally succeeded in robbing him, and he arrived in London penniless. Six months after his arrival there he found himself, as he said, "in comfortable circumstances." He had now the means of extending his operations. He founded and directed for several years a band of robbers in different lines, including burglars, footpads, pickpockets, and sneak thieves, that were the terror of the suburbs of London.

Most of Walley's companions were captured and sent to jail, but he for a long time managed to hide himself from the police. On one occasion he jumped into the Thames, and the morning papers came out with a story of his drowning. But his suicide. But Walley was an all-round athlete, and swimming was one of his notable accomplishments. So he reappeared at Gravesend, where he was the most successful blackmailer on record. This new branch of his profession amused him most because he did not know before he took it up that there were so many tools in the world as there really are. What he termed his very simplest tricks brought him in large revenues.

The tradesmen in the neighborhood of the principal cities of England, and Walley was still king, except during the interregnum that followed any one of his numerous convictions. At last when he became tired, he began to think of retiring from business and living peacefully upon his

HARD EARNED MONEY.

His mind took a religious twist, probably an inheritance from his mother. One Sunday morning, while wandering through Victoria Park, he noticed a large crowd gathered around a stand from which a colored man was preaching. The colored man was Celestin Edwards. With the old-time instinct of a pickpocket, Walley at first thought he would work the crowd, but he simply worked with an account of his words; and he did listen with the greatest attention. He became moved, and tears ran down his cheeks. Then and there he confessed his—no small affair. Without speaking a word, he turned and went to the stand from which the colored man was preaching. He had amassed a fortune of about \$100,000 by active practice in all the various branches of his profession.

Upon the question of restitution linked to his repentance, the records are silent. But at length he got religion, and got it bad, as his pals used to say. He turned preacher, and was considered one of the most eloquent among the lurid orators of the open-air religious meetings in London. He became as great a favorite among the good and righteous as he had been among the bad and ungodly. A great throng attended his funeral, and in that throng, by way of honoring the dead, the pickpockets were present actively.

Telephone in Armies.

The German War Office has been experimenting in telephone erection by cavalry. A troop of light cavalry was started from Berlin and another from Potsdam. The distance is twenty miles. The end of the wire was carried on a fork fixed on a lance, and thus thrown across the trees, tested by telephone apparatus. The two troops met half way and connected. It took four hours.

Proof Positive.

Mrs. Upton—Seems to me your husband becoming very absent minded. Mrs. Downton—Indeed he is. Why, last night he forgot to go to the club.

"What do you think will be the outcome of the war in Cuba?" "The result," says a good deal on the income of the Spanish treasury."

THE FARM.

Digging and Storing Potatoes.

"The first point in harvesting potatoes is not to begin too early. This is especially important if the potatoes are rotting, as is the case in some large potato-growing sections this year. The season has now become very wet. The rot is caused, as it very often is, by blighting of the leaves. This prevents the proper maturity of the tubers. The skin peels easily when handled roughly, as potatoes must be in digging. When these blighted potatoes are piled in a heap they heat quickly, and a very slight degree of rot in a single potato rapidly spreads and contaminates the entire heap. It is not uncommon when potatoes begin to rot slightly in the field that the inexperienced grower thinks it is necessary to do something to save his crop. So he goes to work digging them out and bruising them more or less. While hot weather continues this is the worst thing he can do. The potato under such conditions, rot almost as readily when bruised as an apple," says the American Cultivator. "By the time cooler weather has come the skin, even of blighted potatoes, will be hardened, so that they will not bruise much while being dug. Then when they are taken out they should be put in heaps and covered lightly with grain straw, using at first no earth over it. The object is to continue the drying process until the skin is thoroughly hardened. It is an excellent plan to put a few lumps of quicklime in the heaps with the potatoes. The spore of potato fungus needs moisture for its development, and the lime, by absorbing the excess of moisture in the potato, kills the fungus that causes the rot. Some good farmers we know believe that the carbonic acid gas which the slaking lime develops, will destroy the rot in any stage, even after the potatoes have been dug. We have frequently seen potatoes which have been limited that were rotten on one end, while the rest had dried up and ceased to spread. When covering potatoes against freezing, care should be taken to give some ventilation. This is necessary even in cold weather, though it is important to take care that frost does not get in through the wisps of straw laid at the top of the heap. No attempt should be made to sell potatoes affected by rot until they have dried out, so that the skin does not slip easily when they are handled. It will be necessary to open the pits frequently and examine the potatoes to see whether the rot is spreading. A dry day should be taken for this, and all the better if sunny. This extra drying adds to the expense, but it is not all lost, as it is a help to quicker drying than if the pit was covered and nothing thereafter done to it. Few farmers now use potato tops as covering for potato heaps even in the field. They are the most convenient covering, but in any crop there must always be a suspicion that the potato tops have been affected by rot. It always attacks the tops first. If there is any rot on the tubers, however slight, it is sure to be greatly aggravated by covering them with potato tops. Most of the severe losses of potatoes after digging come from using potato tops to cover the heaps with. In harvesting time all the potato grower's sins of neglect in cultivation come home to him in several ways. Weeds are a great nuisance in digging, aside from the certainty that their presence has lessened the yield. Few of these labor-saving implements in potato harvesting can be made to do good work in a weedy field. Even if they get the weeds out of the ground, it is an extra expense to pick them up among a lot of weeds. A good farmer once remarked to us that saving labor in cultivating the potato crop made as much extra labor in harvesting it. Even if they get the weeds out, and more per bushel, than a clean, well-cultivated crop. If the potatoes are well down in the ground, it is sometimes well to leave them until there has been a black frost to freeze an inch or so of surface soil before digging them. But it is better to dig them before wet weather has carried the rot spores down to the tubers. The potato harvested in dry weather only needs to be kept cool, and the rot will not touch it. When the potatoes are taken in wet weather, the rot is sure to dry them out. They are besides a very difficult crop to dispose of, as the handling of wet potatoes mixed with muddy soil and probably full of the germs of rot, is a disagreeable job that nobody likes to undertake."

Picking Apples.

Gather when the pips turn to a brownish color, and the fruit parts easily from the twig when turned to one side. As the fruit is gathered it should be laid lightly, not dropped, into a basket, and be just as carefully removed from the basket to the store room. A blow or knock will cause a bruise which will be increased by rot. Store on straw or dry floor. A bed of three inches of straw will suffice. Lay the fruit quite thinly at first and add another course when the first sweating is passed; later on the apples may lie three or four thick. When the fruit is gathered, cover up the fruit with straw, bags, or something of that kind to protect it.

Effect of Cabbage on Butter.

A bulletin of the Iowa Station tells of an experiment with cabbage for milk cows: From November 23 to November 27 the effects of cabbage is shown from the analysis: fourteen of the cows show higher per cents of butter fat; six show slightly lower per cents. The milk table shows increase in the quantity. The cabbage is palatable to the dairy cattle. Its effect upon the quality of butter is the point inquired into here, more especially; but it is noticeable that the change from a dry ration to one more succulent gave more milk without decreasing the fat per cent. By comparing the amounts of milk given by the twenty cows November 15, with the amounts given towards the close of the ninety-seven days, it will be seen that the volume of milk held up quite well when it is remembered that it was winter work with a lard, half of which were in the dry stage of their period of lactation, when the tendency with many cows is to give less milk or dry up entirely. The creamery experts report that the butter from the cabbage ration did not keep well, but gradually became tainted. Prof. Patrick's analyses of the vegetables carried by the cattle to be the lowest in volatile acids and to have the highest melting point, excepting the rutabaga.

The great rule of moral conduct is next to God to respect time.—Lavater.

WHEN HE COMES TO DINE.

English Hosts Submit to Rules Because the Prince of Wales is Always in Great Demand.

The Prince of Wales is always in demand at public dinners in England. It is often said that the Prince leads an easy life, a life without serious occupation. To most busy people such an existence must seem well nigh intolerable, for there is no nation on the face of the earth that more thoroughly appreciates the fact that men was made to work than our country.

Yet as a constant presider at dinner parties His Royal Highness may safely be said to be a very busy man. At the Prince accepts an invitation to a dinner in one place, he is bound to accept one from another, and as his presence is invariably sought at every banquet of any importance in England it is probably not difficult to understand why he has long made it a habit to bring much of his time abroad, out of the reach of the insidious blandishments of his would-be entertainers.

When the Prince does attend a feast, he goes well prepared. He is well aware of the fact that it is a very moderate dinner and is always more or less subject to the machinations of cranks who may have a design on his life. The assassinations of Garfield, Carnot and Stambouloff afford recent illustrations of this circumstance.

The ordinary dinner guests then attend the Prince. He is invariably accompanied by

TWO FOOTMEN AND A LACK.

It is the duty of these functionaries to see that not only palatable and wholesome food is set before His Highness. The footmen are clad in scarlet livery, and the page is dressed entirely in black, with the exception of a white waistcoat. Special dishes are prepared for the Prince's consumption, and he has long made it a habit to bring his own champagne, usually two bottles. He rarely samples the wines provided by the guests.

Moreover, he always carries his own cigars. These are made specially for him in Cuba. It is a very moderate dinner and has a strong aversion to long dinners. For this reason he invariably requests that the meal shall not be extended beyond an hour, and among other matters upon which he insists as conditions to his presence, he will never permit more than three toasts to be drunk. As a rule, all the arrangements for the dinner, including of course the bill of fare, are submitted to His Royal Highness the day before the dinner, and he sends whatever additional instructions he pleases.

But, after all, the Prince of Wales is a very good fellow. Nobody will blame him for being careful. For years he has been the most popular chairman in England. His speeches are all delivered in English, although he usually refers from time to time to a few notes scribbled on small pieces of paper.

Next to the Prince of Wales, Sir Henry Irving is said to be most in demand in England at public functions, although most available members of the royal family are always sought for. Among the more popular of these are the Duke of York, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Saxo-Coburg-Gotha.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound.—Gifford.

If satire kept in awe, they shrink from ridicule, though not from law.—Byron.

The steps of faith fall on the seeming void, but find the rock beneath.—Whittier.

The true way of softening one's trouble is to solace those of others.—Mme de Maintenon.

He best keeps from anger who remembers that God is always looking upon him.—Fran.

A soul exasperated by its illa falls out with everything, with its friend and itself.—Adison.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge produce their debt, instead of their discharge.—Young.

Whole years of joy glide unperceived away, while sorrow counts the minutes as they pass.—Havard.

There is no strength in exaggeration; even the truth is weakened by being exaggerated to excess.—Aron.

The most violent passions have their intermissions; vanity alone gives us no respite.—Rochefoucauld.

Success is full of promise till men get it, and then it is a last year's nest, from which the bird has flown.—H. W. Beecher.

If a man can have only one kind of sense, let him have common sense. If he has that and uncommon sense, too, he is not far from genius.—Beecher.

All brave men love; for he only is brave who has affections to fight for, whether in the daily battle of life or in physical contests.—Hawthorne.

The earliest and oldest, and longest has still the mastery of us.—George Eliot.

Avance is a weed that will grow only in a barren soil.—Hughes.

In our judgment of human transactions the law of optics is reversed; we see the most indistinctly the objects which are close around us.—Whately.

Two Ways.

Magistrate—You are charged, sir, with trying to commit suicide.

Prisoner—I was driven to it, your honor—driven to it by a woman of your size, or marry you?

Magistrate—Hum! Did she refuse you, or marry you?

Makes More Wrinkles.

Mrs. Bibbs—This paper says that walking in the rain, without an umbrella, will remove wrinkles.

Mr. Bibbs—Well, it won't, not if you are walking in the rain without an umbrella because some friend has stolen your umbrella.

"Age increases the flavor of wine." We all agree with this. But age never yet increased The flavor of a kiss.

"I will take some of this material—but will it wear well?" "Oh, it is indestructible—it will wear till it will wear till you pay for it!"

"I understand that the railroad companies are making great preparations for carrying bicycles next summer." "Yes, wheelmen are beginning to get their rights. Why, I know of one road that has actually refused to take more than two trunks to be put on top of one wheel."

IF IT HAD BEEN.

It had been a hard day. Besides the usual road of cares there had been a very large basket of mending for that evening. The baby had taken cold and had slept but little the night before. He was just taking an afternoon nap, when the door burst open, and with merry shouts the sister children came trooping in from school. Hans had his blouse, Elsa had her clean pinafore, and Karl had a three-cornered rent in his new knickerbockers. Of course the baby waked up and cried, then the other children were sent out to play until supper time. Maude's head ached and her heart ached too. She was glad when the bedtime hour came and the children were safely tucked away for the night. These were the only hours that the house was quiet. She wearily took up the torn garments but dropped them in her lap and dozed dreamily into the open fire which was snapping and blazing in a cheerful manner. Her husband sat in front of it blowing rings of smoke up the chimney. He was a big, hard-working blond, and he too was tired from his toil.

Maude sighed and closed her eyes. It was the sweet midsummer weather, and she was a girl again. The air was full of the song of birds, the brightness of flowers, and the scent of new-mown hay. She was little and brown and barefoot, happy as the flitting birds, and pretty as the rosiest rose. A man on horseback had ridden to the field, and then had ridden away—had ridden away, and the sunlight was not so bright after the night of his glance was withdrawn from her eyes, and the song of birds was not so sweet after he ceased speaking. Raking hay was tiresome work after the judge had ridden away, so Maude went to the brook which flowed through the field and looked long into its rippling waters.

The judge had ridden away, but the memory of that day proved too strong for her. She sat and thought again, and again, and after that again, and again—and many times again.

Maude had never heard anyone speak as he spoke, neither did she know that his voice had not only charmed other women before her, but that it charmed many men, and by its own persuasive eloquence had won what sterner logic lost. She vaguely felt it, and sometimes after he had ridden away never to come back again, she would think of the judge and the books he had brought her, until she knew them almost by heart. It was in those days that she had learned about the great world outside the broad fields around her little home, of the world of the great cities, of the world in which were beautiful women and brave men, so different from the toilers of the soil about her. It was something to dream over and cry about, for though she knew there were no men there so kindly or brave, so handsome and so good, she trembled lest among the beautiful women he would find one so humble as herself. But he had kissed her and had sworn that among all the ladies in the land there was not one fairer, so kind, so good, as the lady who had found Maude. To him this had seemed so silly for the weary days in court rooms where he had listened to men's quarrels and had weighed their rights and wrongs in a balance, that he would should have been a judge. So he took Maude to his home and made a great lady of her. There was no more toil for her, no narrow kitchen walls, no children's cries, no torn frocks, but silks and velvets, and lofty, furnished halls.

To Maude there was a round, gray-haired lady whom the judge called aunt, and two haughty women whom he introduced to her as his sisters. But she was happy she didn't mind; so happy that she was absorbed in her husband's presence so happy that when he was absent she lived in anticipation of his home-coming kiss. She never thought of the little house with the smoke curling upward from its chimney—oh, no! she only smiled into the open fire and curled up in a great chair to wait for him.

After a little she smiled less and an anxious expression came into her eyes at the sound of his step. He had begun to look preoccupied and the kiss of greeting was often forgotten. It was evident that she was pressed upon by spirit. Maude tried to cheer the judge as she used, but alas! by degrees she learned that her smile had lost its magic, and he no longer grew merry over the little absurdities that in her husband's society she had learned to seem so naive and piquant. At last it was all pretty hard for the pretty young wife, and she shed in secret many useless tears. After a little she learned to keep back the tears that were never kissaway, and she hoped, perhaps, to come to her heart. Where were the old, happy days? Where was her lover's smile, her husband's fond adoration for his bride? Maude sighed and wondered if that was the way all marriages. She always met the judge with a smile, and tried to smooth away the frown that creased his brow.

"Did the jury bring in an unjust verdict?" she asked one day.

"No; why?" he replied abruptly.

"Oh, nothing; only I thought you seemed a little troubled." She hesitated for nowadays she weighed well her words lest they should be impatiently answered, and she who lived in the sunshine and nature's world, had not grown callous to her husband's irritability. "It will be different next week," and her heart would become foolishly light at the thought.

But next week only proved to her more plainly that this was not the man who rode into her life that sweet summer day. This was an absorbed, preoccupied, and even a little irritable man; the other was handsome, with a winning smile, tender speech, and a sunny nature. This man no longer loved her first of all; the other worshipped her, and seemed to live only when she was near.

"I wish you could understand these legal points, so I could talk my charges over with you," said this man one day. "You have no idea of the intricacies of the law." The other man wanted to forget technicalities, and the wrangling of lawyers in the presence of his beloved, and she still thinking that he would be glad to leave business cares at his office, tried to divert his mind with lighter thoughts.

The judge contrasted her lack of appreciation with the oilier women who used to treasure the clever points they had heard that he made at court, and repeat them to him with flattering smiles. Other women made him feel his cleverness and wit. But Maude—no! a country girl!

Other women tickled his vanity with soft

HOUSEHOLD.

Among vegetables there are few that satisfy the cravings of the popular taste as does celery. In families of limited means it is considered one of the luxuries, and often an expensive one at that, when bought at the markets in our smaller cities at the rate of from ten to fifteen cents a head and the deviation in price not always accommodating itself to the size of the article in question. In our large cities this is not likely to be the case, and there is a much better chance of selection, as with most other things in the markets. But in our smaller towns it is more apt to be considered one of the extra accessories for table use, and how to make the least money go to the best advantage is the aim of the enterprising housekeeper.

In the first place, select if possible heads with fresh, crisp leaves, as there is hardly anything more desirable for garnishing salads, meats, etc. Then there are the stalks (which possess the strongest flavor), which may be thoroughly washed and scraped, chopped fine and dried, which have more excellent properties for seasoning soups later on, when the delicious flavor is nowhere else to be found. To be sure, there are the various preparations of celery compound, which are sold in every grocery store, but they are really considered the most palatable; and last of all, the somewhat tougher outer pieces which are more likely to find an antidote place in the waste barrel than elsewhere. Or if more kindly treated, there is an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the housekeeper for some member of the family to consume them if for nothing more than economy's sake. But this part of the vegetable really makes the most appetizing dish of all. None need or should be wasted.

Carefully cut the tough outside part and the little decayed places, and one will be surprised how much that is palatable remains. This should be cut in suitable pieces, boiled until tender, and served with a cream (or milk) dressing made perfectly smooth with corn starch (not flour). A little butter, salt and pepper are of course added as is usual in dressings of this order, and if liked a little thinly sliced potato may also be added. It may be mentioned that boiled cauliflower is delicious prepared with this same dressing.

When taking into consideration the fact for the doctor's affectionate all to her, let us hope it may often find a place on our table in one or another of the above mentioned ways. It is considered to be very wholesome and there may be almost no waste, as is not the case with most vegetables with which the housekeeper provides her family.

It Is Well to Remember

That black cotton cloth should be dried and ironed on the wrong side to prevent fading.

That calico should be washed in clean water, dried in the shade and turned on the wrong side to dry.

That black and white calicoes are benefited by having a handful of salt added to the rinsing water.

That red tablecloths, keep their color if a little borax is added to the rinse water and they are dried in the shade.

That it is not useful to boil white clothes (unless very dirty) and have the house filled with steam every week.

That the clothes are folded and laid in a large rising tub and cooling water poured on generously, it answers the purpose.

That flueing added to the rinse water does not whiten the clothes, only covers dirt, and need not be used with most things.

That letting clothes hang after they are dry, or letting them hang through a storm, or in windy weather to slat about, is not conducive to long wearing or to help the good man's pocket.

That a clothespin bag made of bed-ticking or something stout in the form of a pocket with a slit on the front side, is much easier to get at than a common bag.

That a bed-ticking apron with a large pocket across the bottom is better than either.

That a basket exposes the clothespin to dust, and the clothes suffer accordingly.

Seasonable Recipes.

Green Corn Muffins.—Score and scrape six ears of corn; add a little salt and two well beaten eggs; drop a large spoonful in a buttered muffin-pan, upon a greased plate, removing the ring which the muffin is ready to turn. These are excellent, having the flavor of fried oysters.

Corn Fritters.—Take a half a dozen ears of sweet corn, grate it from the cob as fine as possible; three well beaten eggs; a tablespoonful of butter and salt; season with pepper and salt; mix equal portions of lard and butter in a frying pan; when boiling hot drop in the mixture, a spoonful at a time. Fry brown; send to the table hot.

Succotash.—One pint of young beans, one pint of corn, one-half pint of milk or cream one tablespoonful of butter and salt; add a spoonful of oil; cover with boiling water and boil twenty-five minutes. Now stir in a pinch of baking soda, boil one minute longer and drain. Score the corn and press it from the cob; add to the beans with the butter, salt, pepper and milk and stir continuously over the fire for five minutes when it is ready to serve.

Squash Fritters.—One pint of cooked squash; one pint of sweet milk, two eggs well beaten; a little salt, and sufficient flour to form a thick batter; fry in boiling lard. Work a teaspoonful of baking powder thoroughly through the flour. A favorite way to cook summer squashes—Peel and cut the squash up, put in a skillet with sufficient water to cook it, cut up two good sized onions and cook with the squash; when the water is cooked out, season with butter, pepper, salt and a little cream.

Smothered Chicken.—Cut the chicken in the back, lay it flat in a dripping pan with one cup of water; let it stew in the oven until it begins to get brown, take it out and season with salt and pepper, rub together one and one-half tablespoons of flour, one

FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

ODD HAPPENINGS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

Emperor and the Bicycle.—Bismarck's Weight-Torture of the Corset—The Mirror in Fishing—Rapid Transatlantic Travel—A Porter's Tragic Death—Genuine Cashmere Shawls—The Hay Bacillus, etc., etc.

There is only one wooden church building in England to-day—a chapel, guarded by a tower over two hundred years old, in Greensted Park, near Ongar.

Emperor William II. of Germany has caught the bicycle fever. But he will not ride in public. A private track is being made ready for his spins at Potsdam.

In Russian Poland all trains must stop at every station until the police (or gendarme) captain of the place gives permission for it to start on its journey.

In a tavern at Leiden, Holland, a young fool lately bet 30 cents that he could eat a thousand flies on one sitting. The flies were caught and put in a beer glass, and then he won.

It is little known, even among the Frenchmen, that the anti-anarchism law passed in France in 1892 imposed a punishment for the deposit with criminal intent of explosives in any public or private place, even when no explosion results.

The House of Parliament in London is partly lighted by 40,000 electric lamps, which number being constantly increased. Fifty experienced electricians are employed to tend the system in order. But there is still a gas bill of over \$12,000 for the year.

A Stuttgart paper says that Bismarck weighs himself every day, and has done so for many years. He is still a man of great weight, but not so heavy as he was fifteen years ago. In 1879 he tipped the scales at 242 pounds; now his weight is 202 pounds.

Before the Academie de Medicine at Paris a paper was read not long ago which pointed out that the tortures of the corset were of great extent, responsible for the much-lamented scarcity of children in France. The writer urged that a tax on corsets would be as just as the tax on tobacco and alcohol.

A week or so ago, during a thunderstorm, lightning in the shape of a ball—a well-known fact—struck a house at Thameau, Austria. The ball, about one foot in diameter, was of a brilliant blue. On reaching the ground it rolled along a short distance, and then burst, flooding the whole neighborhood with dazzling white light. No damage was immediately apparent, but several hours later flames burst from a building situated at some distance from where the lightning had struck.

According to the Petit Journal, an Englishman named Lamb has discovered that the mirror can be used to advantage in fishing. The mirror is fastened to the end of the line, below the hook. When a fish approaches it sees its counterfeits in the mirror and imagines it to be an interloper; the dupe cannot resist the impulse to attack the reflection, and thus the fish is hooked before he has time to prevent the other from getting it, and there is your fish.

Cognac, the king of distilled liquors, takes its name from the small city of Cognac, in the Department Charente, France. Cognac has made a name for itself in the population of no other city on earth can show as large a proportion of millionaires. The rich liquor is distilled from wine only, and experience teaches that excellence of quality is obtained only when the old-fashioned distilling apparatus is used.

The strangest project for rapid transatlantic travel is that of the French engineer, Bazin. His ideal "ship" is not a ship at all but a platform several stories high, carried on and propelled by tubes or "rollers" which rest on a series of wheels. The platform is about twenty feet in diameter, and water about twenty feet. The inventor claims that with such rotating monster rollers a speed of 32 knots an hour is possible. A very small model has shown satisfactory results, and much light as to attract the attention of the French Government. A model seventy-five feet long is now in course of construction.

About 20 per cent. of the Moslem pilgrims to Mecca perish in Arabia. Djiddah, the nearest port, is separated from Mecca by a desert, and the caravans on this route are constantly surrounded by bands of murderous Bedonins. These mounted bandits mercilessly kill and then rob any stragglers. Others are murdered "for profit" in Mecca or Medina, while the thousands of pilgrims who die of disease and other causes caused by the incurable filth and lack of all sanitary precaution, in the holy cities of the Mahometans.

Several eminent German physicians are agreed that in about 10 per cent. of the cases of suppuration among children the affliction is caused by an abnormal growth in the canal back of the nose. This growth, seldom visible, is indicated by the nasal speech and defective hearing of those afflicted; the mouth is kept nearly always open, and the little sufferer makes scant progress in school. Nothing but an operation by a skillful surgeon will effect a cure, but then a cure is assured.

A porter at Lyons, France, was going to have his photograph taken while posing near the lion cage of a menagerie. The lion being asleep just then the man patted the head to waken it. On withdrawing the hand he touched the lion securing the door, and the door flew open. The lion jumped out and bit off the imprudent man's head, then he dragged the corpse into the cage, and with "help" arrived there was a much less for burial.

Genuine Cashmere shawls are so fine that one measuring three or four square yards could be stored within the shell of a small walnut. But even more delicate fabric is manufactured on the Philippine Islands from the fibres of pineapple leaves. To properly prepare the fibres for weaving involves much tedious work. For instance, the tiny fibres are tied together by hand to a certain length. This is done with sufficient for one shirt is a labor of several years, and so it is no wonder that such a shirt costs about \$1,200, but the rich planters of Manila and Louzon—slaveholders yet—can afford to indulge in such extravagances.

One of the latest discoveries in the botanical kingdom is the "hay bacillus," found guilty of what has hitherto been called the "spontaneous combustion" of improperly cured hay. A scientist—who knows all about it, of course—says that the hay bacillus is a minute, "stick-like" being, always and wherever found on grass and hay. When hay is not sufficiently dry, the bacilli continue to live on the moisture still present. By their breathing, these microscopic atoms generate heat, and as there are billions on billions of them the

ROUGH DRIVING.

Description of a Ride in Eastern Siberia.

The author of "Life with Trans-Siberian Savages," Mr. B. D. Howard, describing a journey in eastern Siberia, says that the wheels used by the people give the best idea of the roads of the country. The wheels, he says, are only a little larger than those of ordinary wheelbarrows, and run beneath the vehicle instead of at the sides of it. Of course the wagon is easy to get into, and what is more important, is comparatively safe to be thrown out of. Of this latter fact, Mr. Howard says, the drivers take the fullest advantage.

They rarely drive slower than a gallop, and down a steep hill they double the speed. The same thing is done on approaching any destination, and especially on returning home. A driver would be considered very unskillful unless he could arrive at the fastest gallop till he reached the very corner of his master's house, and then come to a dead stop exactly at the door.

Mr. Howard was especially impressed by the way his first driver took him across the bridges. They were wretched and often no more than a few inches wider than the droshky. Whenever one came in sight, crack! crack! would go the whip, and with the wildest of cries the driver would charge the bridge, and almost before the passenger knew what had happened, the horse—square abreast—would be tearing up the slope of the other side of the stream.

"As for remonstrance," he says, "I had all I could do to wedge myself in and hold on, so as to keep partly seated. On one occasion did my murderer-driver—for that was what he was—show the slightest sign of sympathy, emotion, or interest. My only ground of assurance was that we were, so to speak, in the same boat. On principle, too, I was obliged to agree with him, for if we were obliged to cross such bridges, the sooner we were over them the better."

FOILING THE FIRE FIEND.

A Good Thing Pushes Itself Along in a Beautiful Automatic Way.

A merchant of Gowa has invented a most remarkable apparatus for saving stocks of goods from fire. Instead of putting out the fire the apparatus opens the front of the store, and the counters, cases, and shelving roll out into the street into their owner's arms.

The shelving and counters in the store are all portable, and mounted on rollers. Attached to the rear end of the shelving is a cable which runs forward and over a wheel below the floor in the front of the store. To this end of the cable are suspended weights sufficiently heavy to overbalance the shelving, cases, and goods in the store. A brake device keeps the weights from running back, and the cable is attached to the lever of the brake is a combustible cord which passes upward into the store and is carried along the walls and ceiling, where it will be quickly ignited in case of fire. The underling of the cord is a jiffy, the weights bear on the cable, and the shelves start helter skelter for the front of the building. At the same time the windows and doors open automatically outward, and the entire contents of the store are dumped on the sidewalk in a jiffy. To frustrate the designs of fire thieves the shelves fold up when they reach the street, presenting only blank wood and glass.

Those who have seen the apparatus tested say that it works admirably. One night a house found something payable, the brake cord and gawed it in two, whereupon, much to its consternation, the furniture, boxes, and shelves with one accord began a swift movement forward, and an automatic fire attached to the cable began to rouse all the inhabitants of Gowa, the hour being 2 o'clock in the morning. The ingenious inventor was one of the first on the scene, and his disgust at being routed out by a false alarm was indeed mitigated by the fact that the whole working of his machine. It seems to be a good thing, and pushes itself along with no help.

Poor Little Thing.

Every station in life has its own peculiar disadvantages, and kings, perhaps even more than ordinary men, cannot always do as they please.

The little King of Spain was out with his nurse, and seeing some boys of his own size at play, struggled to get away and join them.

"Oh, but you must not," said his English nurse.

"Why may I not go and play with them?" asked the boy.

"Because—because you are a little king."

"Then, if you please, nurse," said the little sovereign, "I would rather be a little boy."

Smuggling in Newfoundland.

A despatch from St. John's, Nfld., says:—The revelations regarding smuggling show that vast stocks of wine, spirits, tobacco, cigars, tea, sugar, etc., were brought from St. Pierre without the payment of duty. The Revenue Board is appalled at the extent of the revelation, and it is believed would willingly abandon the prosecution now owing to the class of persons involved. Government politicians are badly frightened at the threats of many supporters of the accused, who threaten to divulge damaging party secrets.

Very Considerate.

Mistress (midnight)—I don't intend to come down stairs to let you in this time of night again.

New Girl (reassuringly)—You won't have to. One of my friends took an impression of your lock, and he's making a nice key for me.

Boas—"You see this boy over there? Well, he's a little bit that's what he is."

Case—"Perhaps you know the family?"

Boas—"No, never heard of them, even; but I just heard the boy's mother tell him he was just like his father."

FALL FUN.

"I began life without a cent in my pocket," said the purse-proud man to an acquaintance. "I didn't even have a pocket," replied the latter meekly.

Yeast—"Did you ever hug a delusion?" Crimmonback—"Yes; before I was married I thought the woman I loved was worth a fortune."

Biobbe—"That young Harduppe keeps late hours, doesn't he?" Sobs—"I should be surprised. He keeps about everything he can get."

"How are you succeeding in keeping house in the country, Mr. Hill?" "First rate at that. But the neighbors have borrowed almost everything else."

Yoh don't hyah my song birds. When I want a bird I want a bird near; but yoh hyahs de tunk' gobbie. An, dat satisfies de ear.

Young Swinly—"Is there anything in the report that a young lady of this hotel is engaged to old Coiner, the banker?" Sweet Girl (tantalizingly)—"Yes; I'm in it."

Mrs. Ayebbe—"Men are such funny things! When Ayebbe asked me to be his wife he was the most discomfited man imaginable." Mrs. Coeder—"I can well believe that."

Sweet Indian summer sings its song Where burning fever dwelt— And the apple dumpling comes along. To fill a want long felt.

He was a gay geologist; His name was crazy Fox. He with an heirless fell in love Because she had the rocks.

"A word to the wise is sufficient!" Is a maxim we've frequently heard; And now what we want is a maxim To tell us just what is the word.

"Ah," said the burglar who had once seen better days, "this reminds me of the day I attained my majority." "How's that?" asked his partner, emptying the cash-box into his pocket. "I have come in for some money."

Goodlooks—"I tell you, Youghusband dresses up his pretty wife in great style." Zounds—"That's all right, but her women friends make up for it by giving her a dressing down whenever they talk about her."

Beatrice sends us some verses entitled, "Why I Live So." We cannot use your contribution, Beatrice, but we can answer your conundrum. You live simply because you send your verses instead of bringing them.

Mrs. Prattle (to her visitor)—"Have you heard of the splendid catch Miss Swifly has made?" She is engaged to a nobleman, the baron of—(to her husband)—"What is he baron of, my dear?" Mr. Prattle (who has not him)—"Ideas."

What is life without a mother? What is life without a brother? What is life without a sister? And life without some other fellow's sister?

Mr. Siraon (severely)—"Willie, this lady complains that you have been fighting with her little boy, and wants you to write never to do so again." Willie (to lady)—"I will never be afraid to fight. Your boy will keep out of my way after this."

SPORT IN THE WILDERNESS.

A Very Successful Season at the Fishing and Hunting Grounds.

Scores of American sportsmen pass through Quebec daily on their way home from their fishing and hunting grounds in the northern parts of the province. All have had a successful time among the trout, while many are carrying home with them trophies of the chase as well. The Rev. Dr. Van Dyck of New York has gone home after a delightful vacation spent upon the Triton Club's tract in the Lake St. John district. Mr. Frederick W. Ade, attorney of New York, and his brother spent some time in the same territory, getting some very large trout and a shot at a caribou. Mr. Eugene McCarthy of Syracuse killed a caribou near Lake Beauport three weeks ago. Mr. Edson Fitch got one of the most magnificent antlers on one of the Laurentide Club lakes.

The end of September has been memorable for the records broken in this province so far as the weights of brook trout are concerned. In Lake Bouchette, near Lake St. John, Canada's Postmaster-General and Minister of Justice had a phenomenal afternoon's fishing on Sep. 21, and secured a magnificent brook trout of 31 pounds, while his colleague, Sir A. D. B. Macdonald, secured a trout of 25 pounds, four on a seven-ounce minnow, brought ashore to net two four-pound fish at the same time. But the triumph of the season, in a piscatorial way, was the capture, by fishy fishing, of a beautiful speckled trout of the true salmon form—weighing 27 pounds. This splendid fish was 26 inches long, 7½ inches in width, and was taken by Mr. Leleuvre, secretary of the Hon. E. J. Flynn, Commissioner of Crown lands of Quebec. Lake Jacques Cartier, in which this large fish was caught, is probably the finest trout preserve in America, but somewhat difficult of access.

The gentleman who caught the 31-pound fish fished at the place where it was taken for three hours. In that period he took twelve fish in all, of which the smallest was 19 inches long and weighed 3½ pounds.

Lake Jacques Cartier is nine miles long and only four miles from the height of land between the Saguenay and the St. Lawrence. It is a pretty nearly the centre of the newly reforested Laurentide National Park of the Province of Quebec, which contains an area of 2,535 square miles. In many of its inland waters no white man has ever yet cast a fly, and not one foot of the park is traversed, by a railway. There is not even a permanent human habitation within its limits. No one can either fish or hunt in the park without a special permit, but a limited number of these are issued upon payment of a small fee. With the certainty that 10 to 12-pound trout are to be found where there are 8-pound ones in plenty, park ranger has been instructed to secure a few specimens of the largest trout on the preserve for purposes of exhibition.

Mooses are not plentiful in the park, but it is fairly overgrown with caribou, which are often seen in herds of six or seven or more together. In fact, all through the wild portions of the province the caribou are more plentiful this year than ever before, and from all appearance a most successful hunting season has just been entered upon.

FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

ODD HAPPENINGS THAT HAVE LATELY OCCURRED.

Emperor and the Bicycle.—Bismarck's Weight-Torture of the Corset—The Mirror in Fishing—Rapid Transatlantic Travel—A Porter's Tragic Death—Genuine Cashmere Shawls—The Hay Bacillus, etc., etc.

There is only one wooden church building in England to-day—a chapel, guarded by a tower over two hundred years old, in Greensted Park, near Ongar.

Emperor William II. of Germany has caught the bicycle fever. But he will not ride in public. A private track is being made ready for his spins at Potsdam.

In Russian Poland all trains must stop at every station until the police (or gendarme) captain of the place gives permission for it to start on its journey.

In a tavern at Leiden, Holland, a young fool lately bet 30 cents that he could eat a thousand flies on one sitting. The flies were caught and put in a beer glass, and then he won.

It is little known, even among the Frenchmen, that the anti-anarchism law passed in France in 1892 imposed a punishment for the deposit with criminal intent of explosives in any public or private place, even when no explosion results.

The House of Parliament in London is partly lighted by 40,000 electric lamps, which number being constantly increased. Fifty experienced electricians are employed to tend the system in order. But there is still a gas bill of over \$12,000 for the year.

A Stuttgart paper says that Bismarck weighs himself every day, and has done so for many years. He is still a man of great weight, but not so heavy as he was fifteen years ago. In 1879 he tipped the scales at 242 pounds; now his weight is 202 pounds.

Before the Academie de Medicine at Paris a paper was read not long ago which pointed out that the tortures of the corset were of great extent, responsible for the much-lamented scarcity of children in France. The writer urged that a tax on corsets would be as just as the tax on tobacco and alcohol.

A week or so ago, during a thunderstorm, lightning in the shape of a ball—a well-known fact—struck a house at Thameau, Austria. The ball, about one foot in diameter, was of a brilliant blue. On reaching the ground it rolled along a short distance, and then burst, flooding the whole neighborhood with dazzling white light. No damage was immediately apparent, but several hours later flames burst from a building situated at some distance from where the lightning had struck.

According to the Petit Journal, an Englishman named Lamb has discovered that the mirror can be used to advantage in fishing. The mirror is fastened to the end of the line, below the hook. When a fish approaches it sees its counterfeits in the mirror and imagines it to be an interloper; the dupe cannot resist the impulse to attack the reflection, and thus the fish is hooked before he has time to prevent the other from getting it, and there is your fish.

Cognac, the king of distilled liquors, takes its name from the small city of Cognac, in the Department Charente, France. Cognac has made a name for itself in the population of no other city on earth can show as large a proportion of millionaires. The rich liquor is distilled from wine only, and experience teaches that excellence of quality is obtained only when the old-fashioned distilling apparatus is used.

The strangest project for rapid transatlantic travel is that of the French engineer, Bazin. His ideal "ship" is not a ship at all but a platform several stories high, carried on and propelled by tubes or "rollers" which rest on a series of wheels. The platform is about twenty feet in diameter, and water about twenty feet. The inventor claims that with such rotating monster rollers a speed of 32 knots an hour is possible. A very small model has shown satisfactory results, and much light as to attract the attention of the French Government. A model seventy-five feet long is now in course of construction.

About 20 per cent. of the Moslem pilgrims to Mecca perish in Arabia. Djiddah, the nearest port, is separated from Mecca by a desert, and the caravans on this route are constantly surrounded by bands of murderous Bedonins. These mounted bandits mercilessly kill and then rob any stragglers. Others are murdered "for profit" in Mecca or Medina, while the thousands of pilgrims who die of disease and other causes caused by the incurable filth and lack of all sanitary precaution, in the holy cities of the Mahometans.

Several eminent German physicians are agreed that in about 10 per cent. of the cases of suppuration among children the affliction is caused by an abnormal growth in the canal back of the nose. This growth, seldom visible, is indicated by the nasal speech and defective hearing of those afflicted; the mouth is kept nearly always open, and the little sufferer makes scant progress in school. Nothing but an operation by a skillful surgeon will effect a cure, but then a cure is assured.

A porter at Lyons, France, was going to have his photograph taken while posing near the lion cage of a menagerie. The lion being asleep just then the man patted the head to waken it. On withdrawing the hand he touched the lion securing the door, and the door flew open. The lion jumped out and bit off the imprudent man's head, then he dragged the corpse into the cage, and with "help" arrived there was a much less for burial.

Genuine Cashmere shawls are so fine that one measuring three or four square yards could be stored within the shell of a small walnut. But even more delicate fabric is manufactured on the Philippine Islands from the fibres of pineapple leaves. To properly prepare the fibres for weaving involves much tedious work. For instance, the tiny fibres are tied together by hand to a certain length. This is done with sufficient for one shirt is a labor of several years, and so it is no wonder that such a shirt costs about \$1,200, but the rich planters of Manila and Louzon—slaveholders yet—can afford to indulge in such extravagances.

One of the latest discoveries in the botanical kingdom is the "hay bacillus," found guilty of what has hitherto been called the "spontaneous combustion" of improperly cured hay. A scientist—who knows all about it, of course—says that the hay bacillus is a minute, "stick-like" being, always and wherever found on grass and hay. When hay is not sufficiently dry, the bacilli continue to live on the moisture still present. By their breathing, these microscopic atoms generate heat, and as there are billions on billions of them the

ROUGH DRIVING.

Description of a Ride in Eastern Siberia.

The author of "Life with Trans-Siberian Savages," Mr. B. D. Howard, describing a journey in eastern Siberia, says that the wheels used by the people give the best idea of the roads of the country. The wheels, he says, are only a little larger than those of ordinary wheelbarrows, and run beneath the vehicle instead of at the sides of it. Of course the wagon is easy to get into, and what is more important, is comparatively safe to be thrown out of. Of this latter fact, Mr. Howard says, the drivers take the fullest advantage.

They rarely drive slower than a gallop, and down a steep hill they double the speed. The same thing is done on approaching any destination, and especially on returning home. A driver would be considered very unskillful unless he could arrive at the fastest gallop till he reached the very corner of his master's house, and then come to a dead stop exactly at the door.

Mr. Howard was especially impressed by the way his first driver took him across the bridges. They were wretched and often no more than a few inches wider than the droshky. Whenever one came in sight, crack! crack! would go the whip, and with the wildest of cries the driver would charge the bridge, and almost before the passenger knew what had happened, the horse—square abreast—would be tearing up the slope of the other side of the stream.

"As for remonstrance," he says, "I had all I could do to wedge myself in and hold on, so as to keep partly seated. On one occasion did my murderer-driver—for that was what he was—show the slightest sign of sympathy, emotion, or interest. My only ground of assurance was that we were, so to speak, in the same boat. On principle, too, I was obliged to agree with him, for if we were obliged to cross such bridges, the sooner we were over them the better."

FOILING THE FIRE FIEND.

A Good Thing Pushes Itself Along in a Beautiful Automatic Way.

A merchant of Gowa has invented a most remarkable apparatus for saving stocks of goods from fire. Instead of putting out the fire the apparatus opens the front of the store, and the counters, cases, and shelving roll out into the street into their owner's arms.

The shelving and counters in the store are all portable, and mounted on rollers. Attached to the rear end of the shelving is a cable which runs forward and over a wheel below the floor in the front of the store. To this end of the cable are suspended weights sufficiently heavy to overbalance the shelving, cases, and goods in the store. A brake device keeps the weights from running back, and the cable is attached to the lever of the brake is a combustible cord which passes upward into the store and is carried along the walls and ceiling, where it will be quickly ignited in case of fire. The underling of the cord is a jiffy, the weights bear on the cable, and the shelves start helter skelter for the front of the building. At the same time the windows and doors open automatically outward, and the entire contents of the store are dumped on the sidewalk in a jiffy. To frustrate the designs of fire thieves the shelves fold up when they reach the street, presenting only blank wood and glass.

Those who have seen the apparatus tested say that it works admirably. One night a house found something payable, the brake cord and gawed it in two, whereupon, much to its consternation, the furniture, boxes, and shelves with one accord began a swift movement forward, and an automatic fire attached to the cable began to rouse all the inhabitants of Gowa, the hour being 2 o'clock in the morning. The ingenious inventor was one of the first on the scene, and his disgust at being routed out by a false alarm was indeed mitigated by the fact that the whole working of his machine. It seems to be a good thing, and pushes itself along with no help.

Poor Little Thing.

Every station in life has its own peculiar disadvantages, and kings, perhaps even more than ordinary men, cannot always do as they please.

The little King of Spain was out with his nurse, and seeing some boys of his own size at play, struggled to get away and join them.

"Oh, but you must not," said his English nurse.

"Why may I not go and play with them?" asked the boy.

"Because—because you are a little king."

"Then, if you please, nurse," said the little sovereign, "I would rather be a little boy."

Smuggling in Newfoundland.

A despatch from St. John's, Nfld., says:—The revelations regarding smuggling show that vast stocks of wine, spirits, tobacco, cigars, tea, sugar, etc., were brought from St. Pierre without the payment of duty. The Revenue Board is appalled at the extent of the revelation, and it is believed would willingly abandon the prosecution now owing to the class of persons involved. Government politicians are badly frightened at the threats of many supporters of the accused, who threaten to divulge damaging party secrets.

Very Considerate.

Mistress (midnight)—I don't intend to come down stairs to let you in this time of night again.

New Girl (reassuringly)—You won't have to. One of my friends took an impression of your lock, and he's making a nice key for me.

Boas—"You see this boy over there? Well, he's a little bit that's what he is."

Case—"Perhaps you know the family?"

Boas—"No, never heard of them, even; but I just heard the boy's mother tell him he was just like his father."

Saturday, December 21.

DOLLS GIVEN AWAY

In order to avoid the customary crush on Xmas Eve, we hold out the following
Extra Inducement to buy your toys on Saturday, Dec. 21st.

To every purchaser of toys to the value of \$1.00 and upwards, we will sell any doll in the store at

EXACTLY 1/2 PRICE!

On Saturday.

W. W. BOLE.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1895.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Merry X'mas!

McGilvray's exact majority was 864.
J. D. Sibbald, grocer, Revelstoke, has assigned.

Mr. W. J. Holmes is in from the ranches for the winter.

Rev. T. W. Conliffe, of Maple Creek, was in town on Wednesday.

An engagement without kisses is taxation without representation.

Mr. Jno. Fenwick, of Stoney Beach, was in on a business trip this week.

Attention is called to an item in another column, styled "A Cold Subject."

To be obeyed in her secret wishes! Where is the woman insensible to such happiness?

The death is announced of Judge, and ex-Senator, Allan G. Thurman, at Columbus, O., on Dec. 12th.

Dr. Size, Dentist, will be at Moose Jaw again on December 27th and 28th. See advt. 25 26

Mr. Wm. Grayson, barrister, and Mr. D. McLean paid a visit to the capital this week. They returned on Wednesday.

Hon. J. F. Wood has been appointed controller of customs and Col. Prior, M.P., for Victoria, controller of inland revenue.

Mr. Robt. Porter, of Stoney Beach, who met with an accident about two weeks ago is able to be round again, and spent Wednesday in town with his son Frank.

John L., who claims the championship of the prize ring again, ought to remain content with his bottle-championship, at which it is very unlikely anybody could knock him out.

The Free Press X'mas number reached us on Wednesday. It is exceedingly well gotten up and is a credit to the enterprise of the firm. On the front page is a sheaf of wheat which is very attractive.

The big Cauchon block on the corner of Main and York streets, Winnipeg, was the scene of a most disastrous fire at an early hour Monday morning. Major Morice met death by suffocation and Mrs. Morice by being burned. The loss on building and personal effects is considerable.

The grand board of the Patrons of Industry have decided to change the character of their organization by throwing it open to all classes and all professions, and abolishing all past words, signs and pledges beyond acceptance of the Patron platform and principles. This will have to be endorsed by the grand association, but that will be mainly a formality.

A woman at the World's Fair, who had charge of an exhibit in the Machinery Building in a section given over to iron monsters which whirled, revolved, hammered, and shrieked on all sides, says that one day a visitor sat near her, gazing about in a bewildered way for a time. Then she approached and inquired, "Is this the Fisheries Building?"—Atlantic Monthly.

Mr. A. M. Featherston Dominion Councillor, of the order of Royal Templars, was the guest of Select Councillor Nelson during his stay in town. On Monday eve. the Rev. Mr. Feirer and the Rev. Mr. Robinson (of Moose Jaw), the Rev. Mr. Brown (of Regina), and Mayor Bogue dined with him at the Alderston. Mr. Featherston and Mr. Brown left on Wednesday evening for the Capital.

Report of Royal Templars meeting unavoidably held over.

Mr. R. W. Jameson secured the Winnipeg mayoralty election by a majority of 580.

Mrs. R. F. Hunt leaves on this evening's train for Fargo, N.D., her old home, having received word of her mother's illness.

Ideas are like beards—men never have any until they grow up, and women none at all.

The Council request that all accounts against the Town be presented on or before Monday, the 23rd inst.

Mr. Tom E. Conay, advance agent of the Fraser Dramatic Co., is in town today, making arrangements for a three nights' engagement for his Co., commencing on Jan. 9th, 1896.

Sweep! Sweep! Such cries it is expected shall be heard coming forth from the vicinity of the new curling rink, during the X'mas holidays. The construction of the rink is being advanced rapidly and is now well under way.

The Moose Jaw skating rink was opened on Wednesday night by a "free admittance." It is estimated that fully 150 skaters showed their appreciation of the sport by attending. Those who were there speak highly of the new rink.

The Christmas Festival services will be held at the church of St. John the Baptist, Moose Jaw: Christmas Eve—Evangelist at 7:30. Christmas Day—Celebration of Holy Eucharist at 8 o'clock; Matins, Eucharist and sermon at 11; Festival Evensong and Christmas Carols at 7.

The annual Christmas tree entertainment of St. John the Baptist's church Sunday school will be held in Russell Hall on Thursday, Dec. 26th (St. Stephen's Day). We understand that a unique programme is being prepared and that a small charge of 25 cents will be made to adults for admission to the entertainment at 20 o'clock, towards defraying the expenses.

The annual X'mas entertainment in connection with the Methodist church will be held in the Town Hall on X'mas night. A programme consisting of songs, recitations, dialogues, mottoes and tableaux is being prepared. An interesting feature of the entertainment will be a mock parliament which will be opened by the Governor-General. The Tories, Grits and Patrons will be represented. Santa Claus will be in attendance.

MARRIED.

HANSON—PEACHE.—At Moose Jaw, on Dec. 11th, 1895, by the Rev. T. Geo. MacLeod, Marcus Hanson, of Roche Perce, Assa., to Maude Peach, of the same place.

GREEN—ROSS.—At Moose Jaw, on Dec. 15th, 1895, by the Rev. T. Geo. MacLeod, Harry Green to Christina Jane Ross, both of Moose Jaw.

WILSON—GREGORY.—At Moose Jaw, on Dec. 18th, 1895, by the Rev. T. Geo. MacLeod, William Geo. Wilson to Ellen Gregory, both of Moose Jaw.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR.

PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Messrs. Wm. Snow and P. McLennan have returned from Indian Head.

Roadmaster T. Turnbull returned this week from Winnipeg accompanied by his bride.

Mr. M. C. Cameron has decided to again enter politics. He has accepted the Liberal nomination for the Commons for West Huron.

Writs have been issued for Montreal Centre and Jacques Cartier. In Montreal Centre the polling will take place on the 27th inst. In Jacques Cartier the polling will be on the 30th inst.

Mr. T. W. Robinson left last night for the east. He will lay over a day in Winnipeg and then proceed to Toronto, where he will meet Mrs. R. and spend X'mas. It is his intention to remain in the east two months.

The Moose Jaw christy minstrels, who gave such a high-class minstrel and specialty entertainment last winter purpose giving in January another entertainment. Rehearsals will be commenced immediately after the New Year. Mr. Nelson is adapting a negro farce for the occasion.

Hotel arrivals for the week:—C. S. Smith, F. W. Raymer, Medicine Hat; I. Cockburn and wife, T. Turnbull and wife, A. Brims, Winnipeg; J. W. McLaughlin, High River; R. C. Randall, Buffalo Lake; J. L. Green, N. Portal; Mr. Rogers, Broadview; J. P. Martin, Montreal; M. G. Farrow, Calgary; G. J. Hyndman, Portage la Prairie.

Tuesday evening, the 24th inst. (X'mas Eve) the Presbyterian Sunday school will give a Christmas entertainment. One of the features of the evening will be a broad drill by a number of young ladies. There will also be in addition to this, recitations, dialogues, etc. We understand a lot of pains have been taken to make this a success.

The hockey boys will hold practice at the rink on Tuesday and Friday evenings of each week. The first practice will take place on Tuesday evening next. All persons desirous of joining the club will be welcome. The new sticks have arrived and can be had at Mr. Bole's drug store. Hockey skates can be obtained at Mr. Bogue's. From the number who have already joined the club, and the number who have expressed their willingness to join, this will be a great year for hockey. Matches will shortly be arranged with teams from Regina and Medicine Hat. Our boys expect to put a strong team in the field, and with Sam Armstrong as captain and President Nelson as official referee, the boys ought to be experts and easily beat all comers.

In the legal column of the Manitoba Free Press of the 10th inst. we find the following account of Court proceedings before Mr. Justice Bain, which will be of much interest to all residents of the North West:—Booth vs. Moffat.—Appeal from Judge Ryan in the county court of Carberry. Plaintiff sued for losses which occurred through a prairie fire, which he alleged was started by defendant. At the trial Judge Ryan entered a verdict for the defendant, holding that he had the right to set the fire, as he did, to burn some rushes, but that he was not guilty of negligence in so doing. Plaintiff appealed from this verdict, and contended that a man who started a prairie fire is responsible for damage done if he allows it to escape, no matter whether he is guilty of negligence or not; he also contended that in this case defendant was negligent and liable. His Lordship set aside the judgment or verdict of the county court judge in favor of the defendant, and entered a verdict for the plaintiff and assessed his damages at \$250 with costs, including the costs of the appeal. Mr. Pittblado for plaintiff; Mr. Clark for defendant.

Mr. Ogilvie's Visit.

Mr. W. W. Ogilvie, the head of the gigantic milling firm, accompanied by his two sons and Mr. F. W. Thompson, the company's manager at Winnipeg and Mr. Frank Simpson, manager of the elevator system, spent last Sunday in town. The party have been making an extended trip over the C.P.R. main and branch lines in Supt. Murray's private car. The visitors were taken in hand by Mr. T. B. Baker and shown over the town. Mr. Ogilvie expressed himself as amazed at the substantial character of the town's building structures and said that it was a matter of great regret that political horsewagging had placed the Territorial capital elsewhere. Mr. Ogilvie was much interested in the scheme for the proposed water power, and in viewing the site considered the scheme practicable. After a jaunt about town the party were entertained for an hour or so at Mr. Baker's house. The car was attached to the east going express on Sunday evening.

A Cold Subject.

Careful experiments—not by "experts," or by parties interested in one side as against the other, but by honest, steady-going, frugal housekeepers—have been made as to the relative burning qualities of the Canadian and American Anthracite. Those experiments have been made in this city by men who have no other object than to ascertain the truth for their own satisfaction and advantage. The results show that there is between fifteen and twenty-five per cent. more burning in a ton of Canadian than in a ton of American, and at least ten per cent. greater intensity of heat. If these are established facts they cannot become too widely known. Especially do we commend them to the attention of the Canadian Pacific Company, who can, by a moderate concession in rates, do everything necessary to encourage the consumption of the Canadian article thus aiding in the development of a Canadian enterprise and giving to the settlers of the North West a first-class fuel at a reasonable price.—Advt.

Dundurn Murmurs.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DUNDURN, Dec. 16, 1895.—A very pleasant evening was spent at Mr. and Mrs. Blackley's Friday by a number of their friends. A discussion of the past and future happenings of the place was the chief topic.

The station was a scene of lively activity on Monday a few moments before the train steamed in. The Hon. a Court who arrived with his hounds, started a fox, giving them one of the finest runs seen this season. Just as the train stopped, the dogs had brought Reynard within a short distance of the platform, so that all the passengers and train hands could enjoy the sport, each one watching eagerly to see the cut which every moment seemed so near. But by some quick movement known only to old foxes he doubled on the dogs and it was not till a good half mile was run before the death note sounded.

The Rev. Bethel, of Saskatoon, filled the Methodist pulpit here on Monday, the 9th inst., and gave a very interesting discourse. The church was well filled, and all present, we feel sure, reaped a rich benefit.

A card and smoking party was held at the Court House on Monday night and a very enjoyable time was spent by all present.

Mr. Clark and Andrew Blackley took a trip to the land of Egypt on Tuesday in quest of their stock, which have, during the late warm spell, wandered into that promised land. They returned on Thursday empty handed.

She has left, and now the young man licks his nails—that he did not keep her.

Mr. Ed.—What makes a bad tick?

A musical party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Richardson at their home on Thursday evening and a great number of music lovers enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Bob's children gave him a great deal of trouble yesterday. They went off to join the pilgrims and it was not till nearly dark that he persuaded them to return with him.

We ask you for inspection and we feel confident that the goods will readily go.

M. J. MACLEOD.

Big Slaughter Sale.

Commencing Monday, the 16th inst.

Ho! Here!

BARGAINS.

Call at W. N. Mitchell's and examine his

\$15.00

Made-to-order suits—regular price \$25.00. Also a few heavy weight suitings I will offer at greatly reduced prices to clear before the season advances too far. Ask to see our

\$24.00

Black Worsted suits and Black Stripe Pantings for \$5.50.

Overcoats:

Just fancy! No. 1 Melton for

\$20.00

perfect fit and good workmanship guaranteed in every case.

FURS.

A few nice collars and cuffs which must be sold out before X'mas. We take pleasure in showing goods

W. N. Mitchell.

X'MAS BUYERS!

CALL and see our stock of Gold and Silver Jewelry and Novelties.

Watches.

Gold and Gold Filled, Silver and Nickel for \$3.00 up.

A large assortment of Silverware: 1847 Roger Bros. knives and spoons; Sterling Silver Spoons from \$7.00 to \$12.00 per dozen. Coins engraved and made into brooches or pins; Wedding rings made to order.

J. U. MUNNS.

WANTED

Wanted an agent for this district to sell Sheep Dip, Hog Powders, Etc. MYERS & CO., Niagara Falls, Ont.

NOTICE.

All parties who have books belonging to the C.P.R. Library are hereby requested to return same to Mr. W. W. Neeland, on or before Jan. 1st, 1896. By order, W. E. FISHER, Secretary. 267

LOST.

A small chestnut colt, white stripe on face and two white hind feet. Suitable reward will be given for information leading to its recovery. J. GILBERT, Moose Jaw.

LOST!

Two cows, one dark red and one light red, both branded O on left hip and T7 on right side; six years old. Strayed from Caron about 1st May. \$10.00 reward is offered for information that will lead to recovery. J. H. DICKENSON, Moose Jaw.

TEACHER WANTED!

Wanted, one teacher for the 2nd class (Junior Intermediate) department of the Moose Jaw Public School, duties to commence 2nd January, 1896. Also two teachers for the Third Class and Primary Departments, duties to commence 1st February, 1896. Applicants to state salary required, age and qualifications; applications received up to 25th inst.

SEYMOUR GREEN, Secretary.

Enthel, Face-Ache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Toothache, Pains in the Side, etc.

Promptly Relieved and Cured by

The "D. & L."

Menthol Plaster

Having used your D. & L. Menthol Plaster I can testify to its value in the treatment of the above named ailments. It is a most valuable remedy and I can heartily recommend it to all who are afflicted with the above named ailments. D. & L. Menthol Plaster, Montreal, Que.

Price 25c.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD., Proprietors, MONTREAL.

Coal.

I wish to inform the public that I am prepared to deliver

CANADIAN ANTHRACITE COAL

(By all odds the best and most economical fuel on the market to-day) at the following

Low Price: Furnace \$9.25

Stove 9.25

Net 7.00

All orders accompanied by cash will receive prompt attention.

R. H. NEELAND.

TELEPHONE No. 29.

Sheriff's Sale.

In the Supreme Court of the North-West Territories, Judicial District of Western Assiniboia.

To Wt:

By virtue of certain Writs of Execution, issued out of the Supreme Court of the North-West Territories, Judicial District of Western Assiniboia, at the suit of Messrs. Harris, Co. Plaintiffs, and James McClelland, Defendant, and to me directed against the lands of James McClelland, I have seized and taken into execution the following lands, namely:

The south west quarter of Section 12, Township 17, Range 28, of the second Meridian in the Provisional District of Assiniboia in the North-West Territories, which I will offer for sale on Saturday, the 21st day of December, 1895, at the Deputy Sheriff's office, Moose Jaw, N.W.T., at the hour of two o'clock, afternoon. Terms Cash.

ALEX. BRECHIN, Deputy Sheriff's office, Moose Jaw, Assiniboia September 17th, 1895.